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## SOME IDEALISTIC PAINTERS.

*By Margaret Field.*

IT was "in the forties," in England, that there came to three young men a disgust of the then prosperous school of painting in

which was the laughing stock of every other country. In that year Holman Hunt, J. E. Millais, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, started, hardly



WATTS'S "ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE."

their native land. Leslie, who painted pretty women in drawing rooms, had the highest vogue at that time, and there was gathered about him a group of men who painted *genre*, *fustian history*, and *pose plastique*, with only here and there a man who had a soul in his art and who was making an effort to exhibit it. In 1849 there was an English exhibition

knowing that they were starting anything except a wave of personal disgust, what has been known as the Pre-Raphaelite school of painting. The three were entirely different in ideal, and very speedily went divergent paths, the good seed, however, springing up in a following who began to look—only began—upon the unknown thing with inquiry.

Rossetti was the one who went farthest afield. As is the case with all peculiar geniuses, he had a very slight hold upon the English public,

his mother; all of which was tempered and toned by the sound, high toned morality of an admirable English education. All this gave an



ROSSETTI'S "SANCTA LILIAS."

and holding public opinion in contempt, he refused to exhibit his pictures, taking his rank as an artist from the criticisms of his own profession. No school before had known anything like Rossetti. He was the son of an Italian refugee and poet, and of a mother of mixed English and Italian blood. There came to him, as an inheritance, a nature in which was mingled the mysticism and originality of his poet-father, the exuberant sensuousness of Italy, the extreme religious sensibilities of

equipment which might be called unique.

Rossetti is mystical, imaginative, individual and intense; one of the greatest colorists, a designer weird, and of remarkable sympathy. He has put into his pictures the austerity of the mediæval school, and again he has painted pictures of sensuous beauty, full of passion such as no other painter has ever rendered. His most remarkable gift, however, was the ability to embody in his pictures, in every stroke of the brush, his

ideal, his grand, spontaneous and full conception. He makes of his color a means of expression. Color was to him an art, and there is never in any of it a false note.

Something seems to steal through his pictures, from his soul to yours, which tells a message in tones that are not of earth. Among modern painters he is of all the most poetic, and it would be hard to choose and say whether he was most poet or painter. He founded a school of poetry as he founded a school of painting.

In one of his poems, written to his own picture representing St. Luke the Painter, he says:

Give honor unto Luke Evangelist;  
For he it was (the aged legends say)  
Who first taught art to fold her hands and pray.

Rossetti's first exhibited picture was "Mary's Girlhood," which represented Mary sitting by her mother's side, embroidering a lily, while an angel child waters the flower which she copies. The faces of Mary and her mother were those of his mother and sister. The whole picture is full of significance, and was considered the picture of its year.

So held she through her girlhood; as it were  
An angel watered lily, that near God  
Grows and is quiet. Till one dawn at home  
She woke in her white bed, and had no fear  
At all, yet wept till sunshine and felt  
Because the fullness of the time was come.

His next picture to be exhibited was the "Annunciation," which has been known as "the white picture." Everything in the room is white. Mary's robe and the angel's and the walls of the room; the only masses of color being in the auburn hair.

In "Sancta Lilia" is seen the pe-



ROSSETTI'S "ANNUNCIATION."

cular type of feminine beauty in which Rossetti delighted. There was no other type to which he could do justice, for it was this that was the expression of his own feeling. The influence of Dante was very strongly felt by Rossetti. From his picture might be taken a very complete set of illustrations of the *Vita Nuova*. His treatment embodies all that his subject demands, and in giving us his embodiment of Dante's ideal he is mystical and typical.

One of his most important pictures is "The Vision of Dante on the Day of Beatrice's Death," and it is wonderfully studied and marvelously realized.

The heads of Beatrice and that of

the lady who holds the veil are studies from famous London beauties. Love leads Dante into the room where the body lies, the floor of which is strewn with poppies. She kisses the dead face—a kiss of renunciation, of farewell, the kiss which Death permits to Love.

That unlovely set who were known as the minor Pre-Raphaelites and who, by their unconscious caricatures, wrought in mistaken zeal, brought

even the masters into contempt, merely exaggerated Rossetti's personality, which shows through all his work. His subjectivity gives an inexhaustible charm to those who look upon his paintings with understanding and appreciation, while to those who are out of sympathy with his temperament, there is fantasy and far-fetched symbolism. He evolved his types from his own nature. He created ideals of beauty, all of which

are, however, upon the same lines, and have a sisterly likeness. He demanded in his models more than personal beauty. It must be full of significance and full of passion. Intense and restrained passion, but the divine fire.

Had Rossetti been put in such a school as that of Venice, his singular imaginative genius, supplemented by such training, would have made him the greatest painter of human passion that the world has ever seen. Had he not been so defiant of his public, had it appreciated him more fully, he would have learned from it. He would have ceased to paint riddles; he would have not so accented the passion in a face as to destroy its proportions and its physical beauty. But with all his defects, his work stands today among the most remarkable of his craft.

In the laudation that has surrounded the Princess May of Teck since her marriage, some one said that her beauty was of so elusive a quality that she could never be justly painted except by G. F. Watts, who could paint a luminous soul. It is Watts's aim in painting to bring the spectator into that frame of mind which is most worthy of man's aims and intellect. In his pictures he sets forth types of ideas, expressed in human forms, and constituting harmonies of color, all de-



WATTS'S "LOVE AND DEATH."

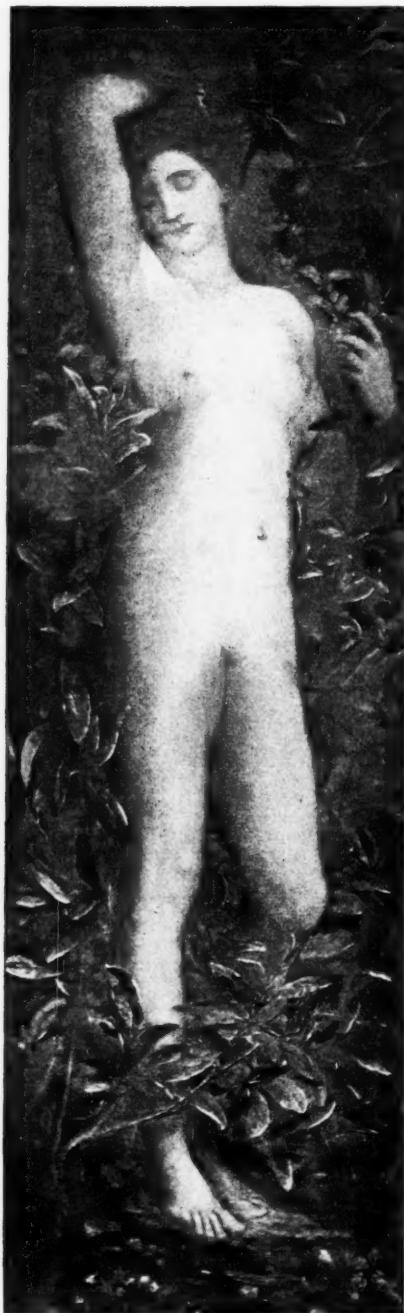


WATTS'S "PAOLA AND FRANCESCA DI RIMINI."

signed as an exponent of thought. He has none of the tricks of painting in which the French school delights. He aims at abstract and ideal art; thoughtful, contemplative, ideal art. He seeks always to present the idea, and with that soul for color and form, which are to the real artist what words and meter are to the poet, he brings them forward, not as an end, but as a medium through which to display his motives. We present herewith some noble examples of his art.

In "Love and Death," which is one of the most beautiful of his pictures, and the most poetical of all his allegories, the incident is supposed to occur in a portal surrounded by rose bushes. We can think of the sick lying within, the fluttering breath, all uncaring and unconscious of the contest going on without. At the portal are the two forms of Love and Death.

The rosy boy Love, with fluttering, many colored wings, represents youth and life, grace and perfect



WATTS'S "DAPHNE."

joy. Moving against him, passing him by as though he was not, is the stately, massive, shrouded, mysterious figure of Death. A great, a mighty shape, clad from head to feet in gleaming, thick and ponderously falling draperies of white. Love, impatient of his coming, helpless, yet courageous and valiant, casts himself before the fearful figure, to bar his way. Death, his head bent, one draped arm extended, heeding not, passes on.

It is not the Destroyer that Watts has painted, but the Inevitable. It is the irresistible power, which, moving by a law that is as inflexible as the roll of the planet, must have sway when the hour arrives. It is not horrible. Nothing that is inevitable—a common fate—is horrible. It is merely the end. There is no judgment, no wrath, no wrong. Death is the great Pagan. All powerful, he moves and Love may cry and beat his wings and struggle in vain; his ruddy flesh must come under the shadow of the awful presence, his wings must be crushed against the gate. The contrasts of the shrouded form and the rosiness and life of Love, of the ardent fight of the boy and the on marching chill of the shadow, make a picture whose mystery thrills.

On this work Watts expended his choicest art. There is no such painting as that of the robe of Death. It falls in massive, sculptured folds, as though it had been carved in light absorbing marble.

"Time, Death and Judgment" which has been so much discussed, is nothing more nor less than an emblem, and belongs to the most abstruse of the painter's works. It is purely allegorical and ideal, and most difficult to describe. The figures are of mighty form, suggesting great power, but demonstrating none. The huge forms are moving forward—movement is life. Behind is the deep blue sky of infinity, the sun on one side, low down on the other the moon.

Time is a great, stalwart man, with flesh full of red, his whole personal-

ity instinct with energy. His lower limbs are clad in deep rose draperies, fastened at the waist, and fluttering in the wind. His lips are full, and in his wide open nostrils is the very breath of life. In his thick auburn hair there are clusters of roses.

desires repose. There is a languor on her mouth. She moves by the side of Life, whose twin she is. In her mantle she bears the flowers of sleep. Flying overhead, and moving with them, is the colossal figure of Judgment. In one hand the scales,



WATTS, SIR GEORGE FREDERICK,  
"NIGHT AND DAY", 1871

At Time's side there is a tall and full limbed woman, replete with suggestions of eternal sleep. And because death is rest and mysterious, she is shrouded, except her face, in draperies. She looks pallid, as one who

the other bearing the sword. Her draperies are scarlet and gold. Through these draperies is the opalence, which is one of Watts's greatest achievements.

The contrasts with which he knows

how to work such wonders has one of its best exemplifications in "Orpheus and Eurydice." Orpheus, who has snapped the strings of his lyre in his passionate efforts to draw Eurydice back to earth, lifts her, full of the sleep of the other world, as she falls back from him. His face and his whole figure is full

of the longing which one instinctively feels will conquer.

The rich pleats of the drapery which is bound about the loins of Orpheus, as well as the loosened and falling robes of the full bodied, exquisite fleshed woman, show again the thought and care and meaning which Watts can put into texture

and fold. It ceases to be a thing aside from his figures and becomes a part of their expression. The limp, yet beautiful hands of Eurydice are full of the heaviness of the sleep from which Orpheus is seeking to bring her back to the beautiful and abundant earth to which she belongs. Behind him, the land which he will presently turn to face, is the sky that arches and smiles over the common earth. The rich, full and abundant life is waiting outside. If his music fails here at the threshold, the spirit of the man will bring the woman back to earth.

These compositions of two figures illustrating the old myths are peculiar favorites with the idealists. They are not disturbed by the complexities of modernity when they wish to represent a central theme. When a story is old enough it loses in its passage down the years, by the very friction of its passing from hand to hand and mouth to mouth, all save the essential story, the central *motif*. All the stories which live are those which have to do with some distinct passion or trait of human nature. These are the stories which must always be modern — as



WATTS'S "FATA MORGANA."



VEDDER'S "CUMÆAN SIBYL."

modern as humanity itself. In his representation of Paolo and Francesca di Rimini, floating, weird shapes, passionless, yet together, is given the embodiment of the unsatisfactory ending of a lawless love. The story is almost too old to need recalling. But one can almost see on the thin, death sharpened face of Francesca, the marks of suffering, the weariness, the disgust of existence, that the life with the deformed and crippled husband who was given her had placed there. How vindictive and cruel he must have been! How like a young god his handsome brother must have seemed! It was like placing in the same vessel two ingredients which are harmless apart, but explode upon contact.

They were made to love each other and nature was too strong for them, but Watts has shown in his picture, as Dante showed in his poem, that the violent death to which the wronged husband condemned them was not the ending but the beginning of a misery. To float everlasting through space, cold, dead in each other's arms! Watts has wrought with marvelous

skill the mystery of a living death. The clouds of Hades encircle them; their light draperies flow back from the bodies which are but shapes. The hands which once met in a pressure that seemed a never ending clasp, lie lax and loose upon each other. Weariness, sorrow, lack and loss is all that is left. They are swept on, and ever on, with a rush that can be felt, through darkness, emptiness and space, through weary eternity; fragments, lifeless, useless, unreckoned of time or judgment.

Compare these floating shades with the life and poetry of Watts's "Endymion," that youth who loved the moon and was loved by her—chaste Diana. Every night he sought the highest mountain top and laid him down to sleep that the beautiful white goddess might come down out of the sky and kiss his lips. The painting is full of vividness, of charm, of color, of sweeping curve, suggesting the round fullness of the moon. The figure of the youth lying there is a perfect type of manly beauty; the throat fully exposed, the strong shoulder, the fine spring of the leg, are classic, sculpturesque.

At his feet lies a hound, guarding. Sweeping above him, bending, caressing, white, great, effulgent and glorious is Diana. As she passes she sweeps her arm under his head and leans to press her lips to his. Her veil floats back with the onward rush. There is about the picture the softness of night, and in the figure of Diana the opalescence of the moon. Light comes from her gleaming white shoulders and from her garments. Majestic, tender, gracious and beautiful, she bestows her favors like the goddess she is, not coyly, but chastely; and Endymion is lost in his dream of love.

Watts has one style which in its largeness includes many. "Fata Morgana" contains some of the elements which go to make up his other pictures, but it is decidedly different in effect. It is the story told again of the sprite, My Lady Fortune, who lives in the depths of the swamp, coming out to tempt men, to lure them over hard and rough roads, only to elude them at last; or coming silently and secretly to those who have never even dreamed of her, to throw her favors into their arms. In Watts's rendition of the subject, the Fata Morgana is a beautiful sylph-like young woman, a nymph, with a scarf thrown across her, and her hair caught up over one beautiful arm and hand, out of reach of her pursuer. Following her close behind, grasp-

ing her scarf, the light of eagerness, of hope, of desperation in his eyes, is a soldier of fortune; one who has followed through years over every difficulty, who grasps in eager longing, but who in another second will find nothing in his hand.

Watts excels in painting flesh. He finds his meanings in the color and texture of the skin; the beat of the life under the outer covering. Curve and tint express the inner thought. In this picture the trickery, the witchery, the elusiveness of the fairy lead you along to the vivid, intense and eager face of the pursuer. The foliage, the sky are all most admirably painted, gone over and over with loving touch. One may imagine that Watts himself had seen the fairy, but at such close range that he could study her tricks and tell her ways with loving tolerance.

One of Watts's most singularly beautiful pictures is his "Daphne," the beautiful woman who was loved by Apollo, fled from him, and by the aid of the gods she called upon in her distress was changed into a laurel bush. In the picture we can



BURNE-JONES "VENUS."

see the leaves growing up about her that are to cover her. The coloring suggests most wonderfully the delicate bloom of the laurel. She seems to be fading into the bush. The outlines waver as we look at them. There is never any doubt about the intention of these pictures. They



BURNE-JONES'S "CUPID AND PSYCHE."

touch the mind at once. It is not the reason that is touched, but the emotions. They have an instantaneous effect. They charm the eye and impress themselves as a chord in music goes tingling along the nerves.

Somebody has said that Burne-Jones seemed to regard it as a fact that if a woman's body contained a soul, it could not be a healthy body. One of the novelists has put it forth as a theory that the ideal of human beauty is changing. He looks upon the work of these idealistic painters, these men who scorn tricks and who try to express the inner life, making the outward its expression, and sees that they have found in our modern

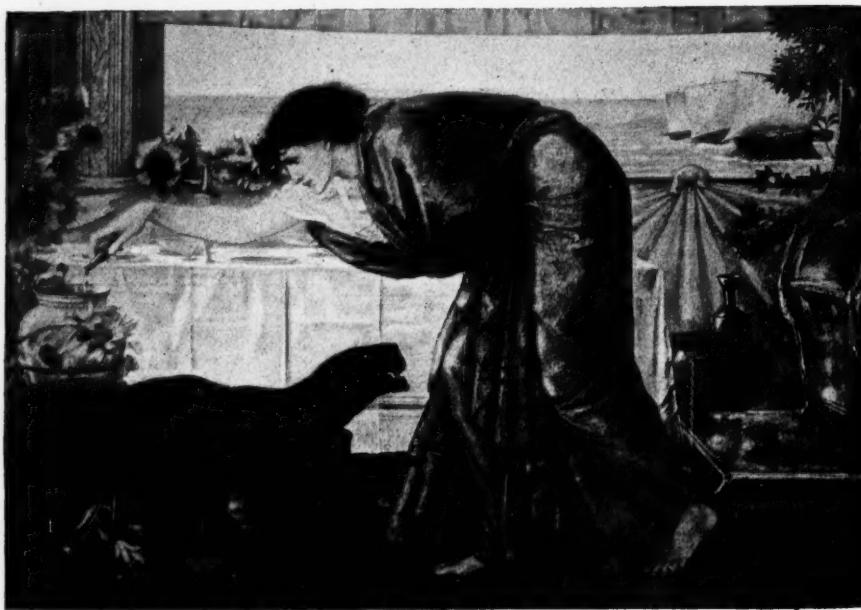
life that the beauty which attracts and which consequently will be perpetuated is not the beauty of quietude and peace, but a beauty wholly of expression—a record of past experiences of sorrow and passion.

It is by no means a new idea. Leonardo painted these world-weary women long ago. Mr. Burne-Jones has taken the old fables and has put a new life into them; he has pictured them, has given by symbols, by drawing, by color, those meanings which elude any save the poetic instinct and understanding. The earlier pictures which Burne-Jones painted and in which he was encouraged by a

cult which came up in England about that time and which was known all over the world and caricatured as the "Æsthetic School," were many of them ridiculous—to the careless. There was an eccentricity of exaggeration. The beauty of a curved mouth and a short upper lip, he changed into an absolute deformity by making the angles sharp and

ful with the beauty which declares that all solid reality is vulgar.

But take his "Cupid and Psyche" and it is hard to find any fault with it. The young, unawakened maid, lying by the rose trellis under the eyes of the conquered and conquering god, modest and almost diffident for once in his immortal life. It seems strange to say it, but the most



BURNE-JONES'S "CIRCE."

nothing between the roll of the lip and the nose. Then, too, his Venus, he painted, not as the vigorous, healthy pagan which she properly should be, but as the woman worn with passion and with sorrow, with hands which are nerveless, with cheeks whose extreme hollowness is painful. In many of these pictures there is none of that exquisite and satisfying balancing of the composition which is so great a charm, and so important a factor in the work of the great masters. Burne-Jones seems to have taken in with the spirit of the Florentine masters, their faults as well. His pictures are seldom harmonious, and are beauti-

finished work which Burne-Jones does is on his flowers and foliage. The leaves of his plants have their reason for being, and his color is most delicate and beautifully managed. They are the flowers of poetry.

One of the best possible examples of his work can be seen in his "Circe," that wicked enchantress who lured men to her island and by philters and enchantments turned them into brutes. In the picture we see the ships of Ulysses outside and the banquet spread. In the face, malignant, passionate, but cruel, in the stooping, gliding cunning movement we see the very embodiment of wickedness, of slyness, of sensuality

entirely devoid of all spirituality. Cringing at her feet, pathetically, are those she has changed from men to dogs. Her robe is rich and the color of the great yellow sunflowers lights up the picture with almost a lurid glow.

It is in these things, that Burne-Jones, Rossetti and some others of this school differ so radically from

with the calm eye of genius upon the rolling world, and pictured its hidden secrets. He was known and greatly admired among a certain clique before he brought himself prominently before the public by his illustrations to the *Rubiyat of Omar*. These pictures were so full a representation of the spirit of the Eastern poet that they were like the song



VEDDER'S "PLEIADES."

other artists. It is a fact that cannot be too often repeated. They are not to be judged by the standards of other artists any more than a mystical hymn is to be criticised by the side of a new novel. In them everything is taken seriously. It is the fundamental passions of complex mankind which are being illustrated.

In America we have but one man who has come to greatness, marked himself upon his time as a genius and as a purely ideal painter, and this is Elihu Vedder. He has lived so long in Rome that he might almost be called a cosmopolite, and his work bears no local stamp whatsoever. It is as though he had looked

which accompanies music, lighter, higher, carrying out in form the meanings of the spoken words.

Even into so simple a subject as wind swept trees on a sandy coast, Vedder puts an individuality that is all his own. One feels in looking at his picture that these trees turned their backs to the coast for Vedder alone; showing their struggles, their limitations, and their desires.

The fullest expression of his talent is seen in a subject like "The Inevitable Fate." It is the end of all things. Humanity is dwarfed and almost forgotten in the great sweep of dreadful desolation which is all that is left of the world. Loneliness,



A LANDSCAPE BY VEDDER.

silence and death have come at last. Over it all broods the sphinx; not the sphinx of stone, but the horrible living creature, with her wild and miserable woman's face, her woman's breast in which there is no suggestion of softness, her beast's body with the stripes on the tawny hide with their shuddering suggestions of sensuality, animalism. Hopelessness and finality are inevitable as the picture settles upon a heavy heart.

But if Vedder in this picture has struck a heavy and sad chord that is so harsh it is almost a discord, his "Pleiades" runs as far up the scale. There is one sentence which involuntarily comes into the mind upon looking at it: "*And the morning stars sang together.*" The figures are almost like

statues in their clearness and dramatic effect. The beautiful maidens, classic, exquisite in their purity, swing through space the yellow stars. The composition is like a burst of triumphant and glorious music. It exalts, it expands the heart; it must have been painted in some such mood.

Leave this for the witch, the "Cumaean Sibyl," she who foretold, who walked in desolate places while destructive fire kept pace with her. In her face, her haggard, ugly, unlovely face, darkened and miserable by reason of the power that is in her, she carries the consciousness of woe. In all these pictures of Vedder's, in all the pictures by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, by Burne-Jones and by



VEDDER'S "INEVITABLE FATE."

Watts, the essential thing is the revelation of the unseen. It is traits, tendencies, ideals made manifest. They are full of mystery, of soul, of struggle toward that "light which

never was on sea or land." The commonplace, the bare record of bold material facts, has no exponent in this company. They are the prophets of mysteries.

## AN AUTUMN REVERIE.

CURTAIN drops—the drama's over,  
Done the summer comedy;  
My part?—I have been a rover;  
And what profiteth it me?—

Me through pleasure's mazes flitting  
Till, in spirit weary grown,  
This September day I'm sitting  
Pensive, dreamy, and alone.

Pleasant scenes and pleasant faces  
Came galore in summer's train;  
But they pass and leave no traces,  
Like the raindrops on the pane.

Faces pass; yet still before me  
There is one my fancy sees;  
And the memory comes o'er me  
Of the moonlight 'neath the trees.

Were they naught, those low words spoken?  
Ah! But then the modern heart,  
Luckily, is seldom broken  
When two foolish lovers part.

Him I'll soon forget, believe me  
He will nevermore come back.  
No—but do my eyes deceive me?  
Who's that on the meadow track?  
Yes! He's sought me, ne'er to leave me,  
For it's he—I know it's Jack!



## ON THE THRESHOLD.

*By Rhodes MacKnight.*

DOUGLAS came down the passageway slowly. At the door of his study he paused and looked within for the last time. The maid had lighted the lamp upon his writing table as usual, and by its glow all the things in the room spoke to him invitingly and detainingly. Upon the table only was there disorder, showing how he had hurriedly overhauled his papers before stowing them in the portmanteau. He glanced at the serried ranks of beloved books, companions of his midnight hours, at the mantelpiece upon which were little keepsakes gathered in the years past. Even in this, his own private room, there were everywhere reminders of her.

He saw by the clock which ticked sedately that it was but little after nine: there was no particular hurry; she would not be back until eleven at least; presently he could ring for a messenger and get a cab. He was all ready; his things were packed—such things as he would need immediately—and the rupture could be effected deftly and without commotion. Yet he wished somehow he had not come into this room. It had seemed all easy enough when he was in a passion, when the hot thoughts were jostling one another through his brain; then he had but one desire—to leave at once and forever. But he was desperately cool, now—cool as he had been during their last interview—and the final rending was exquisite torture; it was burning his bridges with a vengeance.

He moved about as if trying to kill time: he did not admit to himself that he was trying to kill conscience. He fingered a book, a paper weight, a match safe—none of these things *she* had given him. He had his over-

coat on, and his hat; yet he lingered. After all, a cab was such an easy affair! He drew an arm chair to the fire, and sat with feet upon the fender.

And was this the end?—this the goal he had reached in life? And had he brought it on himself? It might be unmanly to blame everything upon the woman, but now, on the threshold, face to face with his inner self, while there was yet time to draw back the foot—was any of the blame upon him?

He had a theory of conduct for husband and wife; many a time he had defined the position of each satisfactorily to himself, and subsequent review had brought no reason for alteration. And had not Florence known it? It was nothing to the point that he did not question her fidelity to him: the thing was radical, and he had torn at the root to nip the bud. He had taken his stand, she had taken hers. It was deeper than her refusal to obey him, it was her refusal to recognize his right to exact obedience. He had explained it all to her as well as he could—and not badly, he thought; indeed it seemed, as he went back in memory, that the past few months had been nothing but explanation.

She had certainly understood, she had admitted as much, and now she had given him the challenge direct; she had wantonly and flagrantly disobeyed him. She must have comprehended also that it was for her good as well as his own, above all for the good of their child, and that he had no wish to be domineering; she must have comprehended easily enough, when he had taken pains to formulate his objections as lucidly as polite language admits of. In

fact it could hardly have been necessary for him to have explained about Meredith at all ; she assuredly knew what the man was. He had been particular to make the matter at first an earnest request, and it was only when she refused to accede to it that he made it a demand, that he had forbidden her. Does a man forbid his wife a thing simply because he wishes to assert his authority? Whatever husbands were in the habit of doing, he knew that Florence would not, and could not, place upon his own command that construction.

Yet she had flatly refused to obey him. He saw her now as she stood in the dining room not two hours ago—stood as she had risen from table, her bosom heaving with indignation, her eyes flashing. She had accused him of tyranny, of cruelty—yes, she had actually accused him of that! And how had he been cruel? By seeking to preserve her own self respect and her respect for him?—by seeking to save her from contamination?

And neglect!—she had also said that he neglected her. Was it true?—had he? He worried his mustache, gazing forlornly into the red coals before him. A man with an exacting profession could hardly be at the beck and call of his wife, willing as he was to be; his time was not his own. He had not been neglectful, if neglect meant anything else.

But under the lash of all her bitter words he had been perfectly cool and courteous; he congratulated himself upon that. Whatever she might say to herself in justification of her course, she could never say that he had been unmanly or unmannerly. She had walked majestically from the room; he had not followed. She had dressed; and when Meredith came they had gone off together to the theater. She had known that the ultimatum was before her, and that had been her answer.

Well, he ought to be going. He knew that, but still sat motionless. There was something in the familiar-ity of the room that soothed him.

The clock on the mantel chimed half past nine. He had as yet no definite idea what he would make the future. He would leave her the house, of course, and—yes, he would leave her the child. He had no desire to punish her, no desire for revenge, no wish to make her unhappy. She should have everything she had had except—himself. And himself she did not want; that she showed plainly. She had understood the terms, he thought; certainly he had tried to make them sufficiently clear. It was no new subject. He had considered what the world would say, but she could tell her own story; he had no thought for himself. He knew that it was not a nice thing to do, precisely, but he also knew that there was no other way out of it. It was much for the best. He would take rooms at the club, and would call to see her regularly. That much he owed her child—his child.

For a half hour he had been motionless, his eyes fastened upon the changing figures of the coals; and his thoughts, at first orderly if a little vague, had succeeded to fantastic images which the flames called forth. The house had been still—he had heard no sound; but presently he caught the patterning of footsteps upon the padded carpet of the passageway outside—regular little beats like the trotting of a dog. They seemed to pause a moment at the door, then come on. He did not turn, but sat expectant. Presently a small, white gowned figure stood by the arm of his chair.

He caught view of it unwillingly from the corner of an eye; and when he turned he seemed not so much surprised as alarmed. He started to rise, hardly daring to look at the child; but the little figure had got between his knees and was clambering upward with labored breath. He could do nothing but fall back, and the child nestled herself comfortably with a sigh of satisfaction, drawing up her bare pink feet. Sinking her curly head between his two coats, she closed her eyes and sighed again.

"Oh, it's so-o darks up dere!" she explained.

He looked down upon the small face with displeasure. Never before in his recollection had she ventured into his study at night. To be sure it was his habit to keep the door closed; but that was hardly a satisfactory answer. And upon this one night she had chosen to come to him. As he gazed she seemed already asleep, content to have found protection at last.

It was a most awkward position, he kept repeating to himself. He should have gone before. Now—but it was *her* child? He hoodwinked his better sense into the belief that he was steeled. Even so, it would be hard to waken the little sleeper; he would wait.

With a curious burning in his cheeks he still gazed. In every turn and curve of the little white face the mother was before him—in the slightly pouting lips, the piquant nose, the heavy straight eyebrows, the rounded chin—with every turn and curve there was evoked a memory. His arm pressed the little tender body involuntarily, and once more he sought in the fire the visions that had been for the moment dispelled.

When he found his picture it seemed to take him a long way back; yet it was not so long ago. He saw a young girl whose face was that of the child he now held in his arms. She was sitting in a canoe, and one hand was held to keep the dazzling sunlight out of her eyes. An arm was bared to the elbow—the arm that was not lifted—and she was dabbling her fingers in the clear water over the side. He could remember the very clothes she had on—could remember as if it were yesterday: she was in a gown of broad black and white stripes, and she had a Tam-O'-Shanter perched upon her head. There were many others about, but she was all that he saw—except that he remembered the dimpling lake ran back behind her to a vast wooded mountain. The very odor of the pines was in his nostrils now.

When he had next seen her it was upon the veranda of the caravansary at which they both were staying. She was surrounded by gay youths; and he recalled at this moment the pang he felt when he saw how charmed she appeared to be. He did not like trifling. And he remembered—heavens! how long ago it all seemed!—he remembered the night he was presented to her. It was the night of the hop, and he had said he was not a dancing man, and she had said, well then, they would sit out a waltz, if he cared to. And had he cared to? He reckoned it then as the happiest half hour of his life.

It had been love at first sight; he would have loved sooner, he felt sure, had he known the sight was coming. And he distinctly remembered that he had analyzed his passion, in the very height of it, and had told himself that it was certainly the one great attachment that is supposed to be man's share. He was twenty five then, now he was twenty nine.

She had been becomingly coy with him from the start, yet she had been frank. To be sure he had had failings of heart often enough when she seemed to slight him; he had had reason—at least excuse—to reproach her; but he was not of a jealous nature, nor one given to sulkiness, and his wounds required no great healing. The summer had been a string of halcyon days, and at the end—the night before he left for home . . .

He remembered how she had risen from the chair she sat in. She had complained of the stuffiness of the hotel parlors, and he had suggested (his heart thumping) that they go out upon the lake. It was moonlight—a full, amber September moon that made upon the water a broad path of running gold. They had crossed the wet lawn to the beach—she rested one white hand in the crook of his elbow—and he had wondered if she could feel his trembling. They had got into one of the frail canoes, and had paddled about in that wondrous gold, talking something little better than nonsense, but

which he felt at the time to be the sublimest poetry. And had *she* thought that of the dreary sentiment he talked? She had fallen back in the angle of the canoe at her end; one white arm lay along the gunwale, and her head was carried slightly to one side like a bird's; the moonlight shone full upon her face. But she had not talked much.

He recalled that in all his passion he had stopped to reflect that a canoe was hardly adapted to proposals; that the thing would probably tip and capsize if he made a movement to clasp her in his arms. For that reason he had deferred the declaration, with an impatient desire to get back to shore. But she had answered to his suggestions that they had just come out, that the night was so lovely, that—well, everything that maiden coyness could demand; for she must have known what was coming. And when it did come—when they were once more upon the beach and he had her in his arms, his lips upon her lips . . . .

Some coals fell together in the fire. A new picture came into view. It was the interior of a church, and he stood at the chancel rail opposite her—she all white like some wondrous flower. He could hear even now the responses she had uttered in her clear, low voice—the responses in which she gave herself to him for ever, for better, for worse. He could feel the pressure of her fingers on his arm as he walked proudly down the aisle beside her. He could even hear the triumphant pealing of the organ.

But it was only the clock chiming ten. He recalled himself with a little start and glanced up. He sighed; he must be going. He thought he heard another sigh, an echo of his own. He looked down at the child. But she was smiling in her dreams. How could he disturb her! He might lay her carefully on the sofa and ring for the nurse. He made a movement, and the infant whimpered. Well, he might stay yet awhile—five minutes—ten.

His eyes were still upon the little

innocent face—the face so transparent of skin, so perfect of feature, so suggestive in its every line. He gazed upon it in complete abstraction. When he had first seen it, a little mottled wizened visage, what thrills of rapture had gone through him! He had been called from his study—this very study—in the gray hours of the morning. He had been sitting up by the fire all night, reading and rereading a newspaper—every line of it, down to the railway time tables, had been beneath his eye. He had been reading in a sort of catalepsy, for his thoughts revolved about the event that was to widen his responsibilities. His eyes had been fixed; but his hearing was at a greater tension. At last he had caught a soft footfall in the entry, and he had turned, flushing in spite of himself—flushing to the roots of his hair and down to his collar as if he were guilty of a crime and were about to be accused of it. The woman had entered, in her spotless white cap and fresh blue linen gown, her smooth matronly face bearing the message. He had received it with a curious feeling that he must hold himself in check, that his countenance must not betray him as hers did her. He had lingered behind a moment or so, preoccupiedly arranging the papers on the table; then he had followed, buoyant of spirit and light of foot, yet conscious that his bearing must be sedate. He had ascended the stairway, and when he had reached the doorway from which he would emerge presently, big with a new importance, he had found the woman awaiting him with a smile.

He had entered, and he had seen in the cool gray light the white face of his wife lying against the pillow hardly more white; her bronze hair was smoothly coiled and her face was serene, yet in the eyes was still the shadow of pain. How it had struck to his heart! He had crossed to the side of the bed, and had put his arm under the beloved head, and had rested his mouth upon hers.

He had breathed his thanks, and

she had whispered softly in return that now her happiness was indeed complete. Then he had straightened up again dignifiedly—he knew it was expected of him—and had gone forward a step to look upon the wonderful little thing that lay in the nest of down with a woman at either side. It was so small, so strange, and the two minute discs of blue stared up at him so vacantly! He had advanced a cautious finger to touch it somewhere—for was it not his own?—but instantly the women had interfered with murmurs of alarm. And then he had stood there looking upon it, his head whirling and new blood tingling in his veins.

When he had got back to his study he remembered that he had paced the floor for a long time with hands thrust into pockets. He had felt somehow as if he had grown an inch or two, and so many things in life that had hitherto seemed very serious now seemed so trivial as to be beneath notice. Everything he thought, everything he did, had had a new complexion. And—and was this little face that lay pillowled upon his breast now the same that had stirred up such a change?—this little bosom that rose and fell beneath the embroidery of the nightgown the dwelling of the life that had come to change his own?

In the year following Florence and he had been very happy. He recalled how he had feared that the coming of the baby would bring a lessening of his wife's love for him. It was a common thing for his bachelor friends at the club to talk about the way a baby usurped a husband's place in the heart of a wife; and he had somehow grown to fear as much himself. Once he had spoken of it to Florence—jestingly, of course—and she had said that now, on the contrary, her love for him was two-fold—as her husband, as the father of her child. She had said it very prettily, he now recalled (she had such pretty ways with her! he thought with a sudden glow); she had blushed when she said it, and had hidden her face on his breast.

He sighed again and glanced at the clock. He forgot that it had struck ten: it was now twenty minutes past, yet he remained motionless. He hoped that the child would awake, that he would not have to waken it. The warmth of its little soft body coming through the thin nightgown stirred his blood, even flowing as he had thought it. He wondered if the little thing were not cold, and with the thought he managed to cover it partly with the skirt of his overcoat without disturbing it. Then he wondered that he was so tender—for was it not *her* child, a copy of her in everything? It was also his child, and he was going to do something that would teach it to hate him, to despise him in after years. Yet he argued with himself that he was not; that he was merely about to do that which its mother virtually demanded. At this, the eleventh hour, was he to weaken because of a sentimental appeal?

He fastened his eyes upon the minute hand of the clock, and saw it move smoothly from figure to figure; he knew now the exact tones of the silver bell that would peal at the half hour; he waited for it, and when it seemed to delay an instant after the time he was peevish. He stirred himself. It was getting late. But the child still slept.

In the fire again he saw a picture, and it fascinated him. He saw a woman, beautiful and majestic, yet upon whom every one was looking askance. Now she was in the center of a drawing room scintillant with light; the air was heavy and perfumed, there was a buzz of chatter, there was a strain of melody coming from strings. She was brilliant like the diamonds she wore upon her dress and in her hair; her gown was white, her arms were white, and her neck; but her cheeks were flaming. The same woman he saw instantly in a kaleidoscopic mass of views—but always was she with the scarlet cheeks, and always was there whispering about her. Her husband has left her, people said.

He tried to shut out the sight; he

closed his eyes and instinctively drew the child closer to him. The room, the house, was very still, and the sound of his own quick breathing filled his ears. He should have gone, hours ago, he kept telling himself—telling himself that he might smother another voice within him which seemed eager to be heard.

Presently, far from the street as he was, he caught the sharp bang of a cab door closing. He heard it as in a dream, yet he was alert. In a moment the street bell tinkled from the regions below, and shortly afterward a slipshod footstep sounded in the passageway. Then came the opening of a door. A little puff of cold air told him what door it was.

He did not curse his delay, but sat motionless, trying to think how he could now escape. He heard a few words spoken at the outer door, then the swishing of a woman's skirts, then footsteps, then all was quiet again.

From above came the faint creaking of the floor that told him some one was walking about. It went on for a moment and ceased: the some one had entered another room. Presently it came again—quick and more distinct now; there was the sound of a rushing descent upon the stairs—rapid footsteps toward the study. In a moment he knew that his wife stood in the doorway. His back was turned to her, but he felt her presence.

Suddenly she entered.

"Where is my child!" she cried, all her voice tragedy. He could almost hear the palpitating of her bosom. He did not answer—he did not move.

She came striding forward; from where she was she could see merely his head above the back of the chair. "What have you done with—"

Then she saw. For a moment she stood in astonishment; then, abashed, she sank to the floor beside him. Even now he did not look at her, but

kept his eyes upon the fire. Unconsciously he tightened his hold upon the child.

There was silence for a little while. Then she asked, very low:

"Have—have you been out, Ned?"

He might have been a stone image, and she did not go on for a minute or so. She was nervously smoothing the gloves she had just taken off, her eyes downcast. At last, flushing a little, she said:

"I've just been to see mama. It's been so long, you know. And she's so glad when I go. She's so lonely without—now that she hasn't papa."

He eyed narrowly and curiously a coal that had just fallen to the fender. He was making it very hard for her, but she had determined not to falter.

"Mr. Meredith," she began again presently—"Mr. Meredith came to take me to the play, you know. But—but after we got out I told him—one can't say such things in one's own house, you know!—I told him I should prefer he wouldn't call again. I didn't tell him his—his reputation was deplorable, of course. But I intimated that—that my—my husband always took me to the play when I really wanted to go. Then he left me at mama's. And I've had such a nice long visit! A—doesn't—doesn't Baby interrupt you in your work, Ned?"

The white and red that alternated in her husband's face was the only sign that he had been listening. It was very embarrassing for her, and, not knowing what other natural thing to do, she rose to her knees, bent over the sleeping child, and kissed it.

When she drew back Douglas, in his turn, leaned over and kissed the place her lips had pressed.

"I fear—I fear she *has* interrupted me," said he. Then, holding out the little white form to her, he added gently, "Would you mind putting her back in bed, Florry?"

## TWO FAMOUS HUMORISTS.

*By Harold Parker.*

THE history of American humor—particularly of the journalistic sort—is yet to be written, and if the task fall to a thoroughly appreciative and philosophic mind, there will be a great opportunity to make a valuable contribution to literature, throwing light upon a conspicuous phase of American character and temperament.

The peculiar conditions which have prevailed at certain periods in the upbuilding of the country have given birth to our peculiar humor—peculiar in its variety, keenness, influence, and the importance given it—and have evolved the professional humorist—a distinctly American product.

The humorous is largely based upon the illogical or the incongruous, the perfect appreciation of which implies clearly defined ideas of their opposites, and consequently the possession of powers of comparison and justness of conception. A humor perceiving people is sure to enjoy a healthful balance of mind.

Within the last two decades, humor has been accorded a more prominent representation in the press of the country than ever, and there are few newspapers now that do not devote a special department to it; many have made it their keynote, and have built up reputations upon it, and in response to public demand special organs of humor have risen into existence.

To control the risibles of a people with merely an end to entertain is no mean function, and he who for months has been refreshed by the memory of some exquisite piece of fun will not deplore the day when the joke became one of our "merchantable ideas." But when it is re-

membered to what purposes humor can be legitimately and effectively applied, the mission of its exponents is seen to be not unworthy of commanding the highest respect.

Among the host of American humorous journalists—the term seems proper enough—we might single out Charles B. Lewis and Robert J. Burdette as types. Mr. Lewis, known throughout the length and breadth of the land as "M. Quad," of the *Detroit Free Press*, owes his celebrity in some degree to the fact that he once passively participated in a boiler explosion on the Ohio River, and was prominently associated with the débris on that occasion. His printed impressions of the event, which he set up from his case when he was in the composing room of an obscure Michigan paper, first brought him into notice. Surely, then, humor is closely akin to pathos. Mr. Lewis's style possesses a peculiar quaintness, and there is a delicious vein of unobtrusive philosophy running through all his work. He is also remarkable for his ability to portray the ludicrous effects of manner and situation which, though appreciated by the many, are two subtle for expression save by the gifted few. His sketches of the "Lime Kiln Club" are perhaps the best known of his humorous writings, and unquestionably "Brudder Gardner" will assert his immortality among the noted characters of fiction.

Mr. Lewis is a native of Ohio, having been born in Liverpool in that State in 1844. He was brought up, however, in Lansing, Michigan, where he spent a year in an agricultural college, going from here to the composing room of the *Lansing Democrat*. When the war broke out

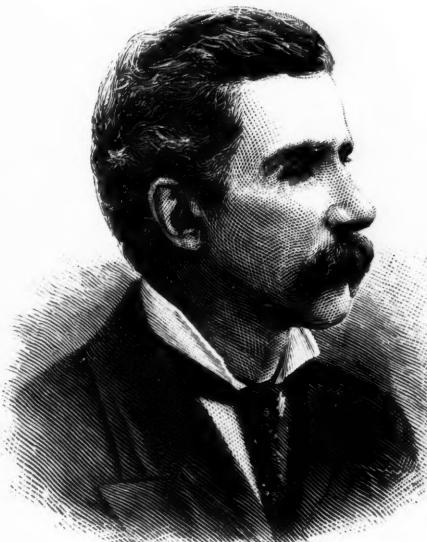
he served creditably in the Union army, returning to his work on the Lansing paper after peace was restored. The boiler explosion, which was destined to launch him into fame, occurred two years later while he was on his way South on an Ohio River steam-boat. When he recovered physically he proceeded to find out how much he could do in this line legally. He brought a suit for damages against the steamboat company and succeeded in making them pay over to him \$12,000.

It was while at the case on another Michigan paper, the *Jacksonian*, of Pontiac, that Lewis set up his account of how he felt while being blown up. He says that he signed it "M. Quad," because "a bourgeois em quad is useless except in its own line—it won't justify with any other type." Soon after the celebrity he attained by this screed, Lewis joined the staff of the *Detroit Free Press*, which, after his accession, began to be known all over the country. Mr. Lewis is now a free lance, writing for the big syndicates.

The humorous work that Mr. Burdette did for the *Burlington Hawkeye* made both himself and the paper famous. He has seized upon nearly every feature in the comic side of life and illustrated it with some touch that has delighted thousands. In the use of bathos, exaggeration, or the eccentricities of language, he is singularly successful. His humor is sometimes dry and sometimes highly gymnastic. On the platform Mr. Burdette has been wonderfully popular, producing some of his best efforts there; but he has never entirely cut loose from journalism. His connection with the *Brooklyn Eagle* is familiar to all.

He was born, singularly enough, the same year as Charles B. Lewis, his birthplace being at Greensborough, Pennsylvania. Like Lewis, too, he went to the war. He served

with General Banks in the Red River expedition, "on an excursion ticket," as he himself felicitously describes it, "good both ways, con-



CHARLES B. LEWIS.

quering in one direction and running in the other, his pay going on all the same." He entered into journalism by the gateway of New York correspondence for the *Peoria Transcript*, and in 1874 went on the *Hawkeye*, of which he in time became managing editor.

"The critics have always dealt very gently with me," he says; "possibly because I am scarcely worthy of the envenomed steel."

Some personal characteristics of Mr. Burdette are quaintly given by himself in the following shape:

"Politics? Republican after the strictest sect. Religion? Baptist. Personal appearance? Below medium height, and weighs 135 pounds, no shillings and no pence. Rich? Not enough to own a yacht. Favorite reading? Poetry and history—knows Longfellow by heart almost. Write for the magazines? Has more 'declined with thanks letters' than would fill a trunk.

Never able to get into a magazine with a line. Care about it? Mad as thunder. Thinks of starting a magazine himself and rejecting everybody's articles except his own."



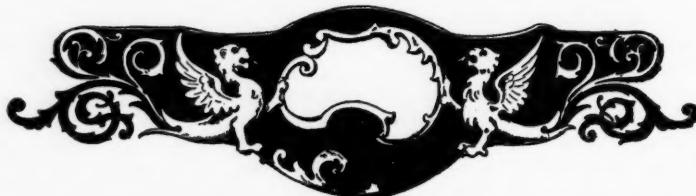
ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

In 1870 Mr. Burdette married, and until the day of her death his wife was to him indeed a guiding star. His name for her was "Her Little Serene Highness," and probably it was the unconscious pathos with which he described her association in his work that broke down the barriers that had kept him out of the magazines and secured the acceptance of his "Confessions" by *Lippincott's* some years ago. In the course of these reminiscences he says:

"As Mrs. Burdette's health failed, I did more and more of my work at home, soon withdrawing entirely from deskwork in the *Hawkeye* office.

'Her Little Serene Highness' was at this time quite helpless, suffering every moment, in every joint, rheumatic pain, acute and terrible. But in these years of her suffering helplessness more than ever is visible her collaboration in my work. All manuscript was read to her before it went to the paper. She added a thought here and there, suggested a change of word or phrase, and so tenderly that in her trembling hand the usually dreaded and remorseless 'blue pencil' became a wand of blessing, striking out entire sentences and pet paragraphs. How well she knew 'what not to print!' Blessed indeed is the man who writes with such a critic looking over his shoulder, a wife who loves and prizes her husband's reputation far above his own vanity or recklessness! At times she wove into our work whole pages of her own, and in some instances she wrote one half of a long sketch or letter, and I think only ourselves could see where the sketch was joined. One day, as I was gathering up the 'copy' which represented the morning's work, she slipped into the leaves with comically feigned timidity a little poem, which, she said, she ventured to lay before the great editor, and would like to have a copy of the paper containing it if published. It was the 'Robin's Nest,' a tender little story of her own life. It was her only published poem, although after she fell asleep I found several fragments of her verses, written with pain stricken fingers that could scarcely hold the pen."

Some time since Mr. Burdette turned preacher, but the suspicion that he wanted to make somebody laugh out at prayers has proved unfounded.



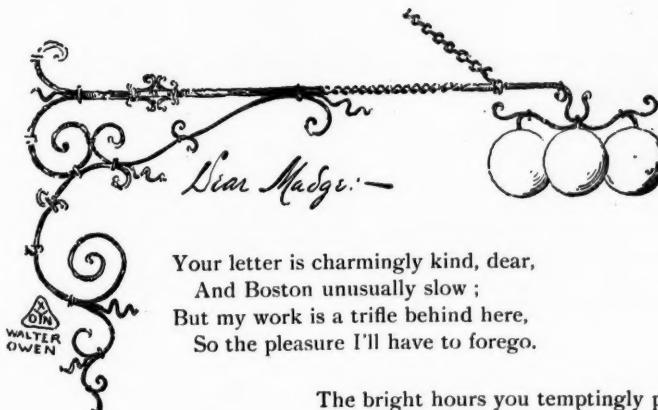


*Dear Frank*

I'M sure that in Boston you're rusting,  
Pray take a run up to New York.  
(In winter the country's disgusting,  
With dinners of baked beans and pork !)

The season is awfully gay here,  
The débutantes lovely, they say,  
And I'm to have pretty Miss Gray here,  
(I know Frank has longings that way.)

There are five o'clocks now by the dozen,  
The opera is simply sublime ;  
Three balls for this week, dearest cousin—  
Just think what a jolly good time !



Your letter is charmingly kind, dear,  
And Boston unusually slow ;  
But my work is a trifle behind here,  
So the pleasure I'll have to forego.

The bright hours you temptingly painted  
So deftly in *couleur de rose*  
Make sinners not glad to be sainted  
And bachelors loath to propose.

Still life is decidedly gay here,  
The day after Harvard played Yale  
I went to three balls in one day, dear !  
Good by—it is time for the mail.

*S. G. Tenney.*

## THE DISAPPEARANCE OF MISS MONK.

*By Susan Wentworth Lee.*

I HAD only been in New York six months; but that was no reason for my being a greenhorn. I had been city editor of a large daily in one of the Western cities for four

years, and had concluded that I had found my proper place at last.

There has come up in journalism in the last few years a position that is filled by what is known as the



years, and had hewed my way up to that position by the hardest sort of hard work, beginning as a reporter who reported anything from a fight at a fortune teller's to a yacht race. I had not the love of office work that I ought to have had, and the editorial chair was never a soft seat for me, so when I was offered a place on a New York paper I accepted it with

“Star Reporter.” There is on every large paper one man who is retained for every important duty. His manuscript is looked at with awe by all the rest of the men, but it is not cut for space as the others are. It is supposed that every word is precious. The Star Reporter goes to the scene of action, such as a great murder trial for example, with instructions

from his paper to form opinion by the way he reports it. He has been known to change public sentiment entirely upon any one subject. He is the war correspondent in time of peace. It is a position that all the men are pushing and striving for, and always hoping by some *coup* to achieve.

It was a Star Reporter that I intended and expected to be. In these days half the detective work is done by reporters. In the frantic search for news, they put two and two together with great adroitness, and when the whole structure is pieced together, it is often discovered that the story is told without a flaw.

After I came to New York I was detailed to tell many a "story" which required a study of character and some local color to give it its proper reading, and I had noticed that my copy usually went to the printer without any particular editing. Although I had been in the metropolis so short a time, I had made a number of friends, and curiously enough there were very few of them in my own profession. Some way I connected newspaper men with work, and when I felt like playing I wanted to play without any restrictions; I wanted to feel that I was not circumscribed in any way; that I was a man of the world to whom one profession was like another. A journalist might almost be called a man of all professions.

Soon after my arrival I had discovered that life in a boarding house was anything but to my liking. There are some people, I suppose, who must live in a boarding house, but when they are sifted, after all they are not many. The person who deliberately chooses that life is a poor acquaintance, and apt to be an annoying neighbor. After I had been cooped in one room and eaten my meals with a number of people who were neither pretty to look at, nor witty to talk with, for two months, I found a little apartment and set up a bachelor establishment. I went to a house agent of the greatest resources, a man who is one of New

York's institutions, who will give you a flat upon a minute's notice, at any price, and furnished in any fashion. The fashion that I was able to choose was by no means elaborate, but it was fairly comfortable. I drew a sigh of relief when I had scattered my papers about the table, kicked my slippers into the middle of the room and put my feet on the adjacent chair.

There is no place like home. The caretaker made me a cup of coffee in the morning, and I lunched and dined out. I bought a chafing dish, and when the men I knew came in we often made a Welsh rarebit and drank a bottle of beer. I felt more and more at home. I knew there were other people in the house, but I never stopped to ask who they were. One might live next door to his best friend in a New York apartment house, and unless both happened to go in or out at the same instant, neither would be the wiser.

The people in my house were very quiet, too quiet for the ordinary family. I sometimes sat up stairs and wondered if I were Asmodeus the roof lifting demon, if I would not find curious dramas being lived within a few feet of me.

One night I was coming in late, and found, as I reached my apartment house, that the janitor had shut and locked the outer door, and there was a rather stout young man sitting on the steps. He arose as I walked up, and lifted his hat.

"It is Mr. Belcher, isn't it?" he asked in a rather husky but perfectly gentlemanly tone. "I am going to ask you to let me in with your key. I left mine"—and he laughed—"in my other clothes."

I found that he had the apartment immediately under my own, and we had time for considerable conversation on our journey up four flights of stairs. He knew all about me and my newspaper work, I discovered. When we reached his door he invited me in. His apartment was so entirely different from my own, so entirely what I wished for my-

self, that I looked about in admiration and some envy.

It was the very ideal bachelor *ménage*. There were good pictures on the walls; big leather chairs and couches, with plenty of cushions, foils and masks; generous tables with elegant writing materials, none of the fussy, cluttery things which women put about and call "giving character to a room," but the air of being comfortable and made to be lived in.

"My name is Beauchamp," my new acquaintance said easily, drawing a couple of large chairs nearer together and holding out a cigar. "I don't know many newspaper men—indeed I know none at all in New York now, but I like the life; there is a freedom of thought about it. It is necessary to look at a subject upon all sides. It is a certain preventive of narrow mindedness, I should think."

We went off into discussions of all sorts of subjects, and I had smoked two cigars, and it was well on to two o'clock when I climbed the last flight to my own nest under the eaves.

During the evening, however, I had a shock.

"Do you know, Mr. Belcher," Beauchamp had said, "I was particularly anxious to become acquainted with you just now. I know that newspaper men are the repository of endless secrets; that half the cleverness of an editor consists in his knowledge of what to keep out of print. I am going to tell you a 'story,' and I want your solemn promise to keep it out of print until it is ripe; then I will give you the scoop."

I listened with all my ears, and I gave the promise before the words were out of his mouth.

"To begin with," he went on, "I make my living by being a 'gentleman detective'. I don't suppose you ever knew one before. They are not so common on this side of the water as they are on the other. There are so many crimes in an older and what you might call a more decayed civilization, which have not become ne-

cessary in a country as new as this. Crimes of a certain sort are necessary adjuncts of civilization. When the original source of supply becomes limited all animals prey upon each other, and man is no exception. But here in New York there are a number of curious crimes that are constantly coming up, and they cannot safely be put into the hands of an ordinary member of the police force. He might know what to do, but he would probably have no facilities for doing it. There are people who must be approached gently, without their knowledge. It takes a sportsman to catch trout."

I agreed to all that.

"Now," went on Mr. Beauchamp, "I am in a case where I need an assistant. You newspaper men might almost be said to belong to our profession, along with the other professions to which you belong. I know of no man who is a gentleman, whom I can take into my confidence. I know all about you."

Beauchamp drew in a full mouthful of smoke and opening his lips let it float toward the ceiling, as though the fact that he knew all about me covered the ground completely. It was very flattering to know that even though my superiors had made no particular mention of my work it was commented upon by outsiders. It seemed to me that this was the time to make my *coup*.

It was a moment before Beauchamp gathered himself together and began to tell his story. The whole thing seemed so ridiculously unreal. I knew there was such a thing as a detective who had a social position and used it to further his ends, but as Beauchamp said I never had seen one before.

That all of these books and pictures and hangings had come from the profits of ferreting out crimes and bringing them home to people in a high station seemed at first blush a little revolting, and then I brought my common sense to the rescue. If a criminal is educated, he has weapons that are ten times more dangerous than those wielded by the lower

classes, and it is a man's duty to bring him to justice in any way possible.

"There has been," said Mr. Beauchamp, "a most mysterious disappearance of a young woman. Her father is a very proud, reserved man, and he has an absolute horror of the affair getting into the newspapers. Consequently, instead of going to the police, he has put the case into my hands."

"A mysterious disappearance cannot amount to much in these days," said I. "Some way the case seemed to sink. I had thought of a great robbery at the very least."

"Well, it amounts to something in this case. It amounts to a great deal. Here is a man, worth a million dollars and with one child. She isn't particularly young. She is twenty two or three, and seemingly amply able to take care of herself. A disposition much like her father's, reserved and proud. Her mother has been dead for ten years, and she has been brought up by the best teachers, has had the advantage of travel, of contact with the world and in short, everything that goes to make a high bred, well balanced woman in these civilized times,

"She is very handsome, but not the woman to invite advances, so her name has never been connected with that of any man. She drove in the Park every day, in one of those high backed Victorias which women are affecting nowadays; and six days ago, that is last Thursday, she came in from her drive, took off her wraps and hat, asked if her father had come in, walked into her bedroom, and hasn't been seen since."

"Where could she go?" I asked.

"That's the question. Where could she go? The house was filled with servants; there was one in the front hall; there were two or three between Mr. Monk's daughter and any possible exit. She was not missed until dinner, and then it was as though she had been absorbed into the atmosphere. Not one single trace of her was to be discovered. Mr. Monk is, as you may fancy, al-

most wild with grief. She was his only daughter, heiress to all his large fortune. A beautiful, dutiful child."

"Is there nothing missing? Has her maid taken an inventory of her wardrobe? What clothing was gone?"

"None. None. She had worn a handsome cloth wrap, trimmed with a rolling collar of Russian sable. She had, as I said before, taken this off, and carefully stuffed the sleeves with tissue paper and put it away in its box. Nothing was thrown about carelessly, as by one under any sort of excitement."

"A handsome dinner dress was lying across the foot of her bed, all ready to be put on. It seemed as though she had melted into the air. There isn't the least clew."

"Now, as a matter of course, I have a sort of a theory. But I am like a boy who works too long over one problem. I am beginning to distrust my own judgment. I'd like to hear your theory. There were hundreds of dollars' worth of jewels in her rooms, but nothing had been touched. Even her purse, gold mounted and monogrammed was found lying on her dressing case, containing all of her ready money."

"I heard a story something like that once before," I said. "It was of a woman, married, with children, who disappeared in much the same fashion. It was supposed that she had been murdered. But ten years after, an old friend of the family was staying in Florence, Italy, in a house which overlooked an old garden to a palace. One evening a party from the palace was dining *al fresco*, and the American sat in his window—looking at them. The hostess was the woman who had disappeared."

"Ah, but that was a married woman, and if she had a lover there was every reason for her disappearing. She was obliged to disappear. But this is a different case altogether. Here is a young girl, who is indulged to the highest extent, whose fond parent gives her everything she desires, who might marry any one, and—"

Beauchamp waved his hand in the air.

"I long ago arrived at the conclusion that where there is any sort of a mystery about a man there is usually a woman in it, and *vice versa*. Mark my words that the first thing you want to find is the man, and then you aren't far from the girl."

Beauchamp puffed away at his cigar for several minutes.

"There is something curious about the house the Monks live in," he went on. "It is a very old house, built by Mr. Monk's grandfather. There were two branches of the old gentleman's immediate family. He married and had two or three children, and then his wife entered into her reward. Less than six months later, he married again, a lady who was extremely distasteful to the family. Gradually the double house became two single ones in which the separate families lived, and it continues so to this day. But—"

"She may have gone out by some unknown passageway into the other house and so out."

"By Jove! That's worth thinking about." His face lighted up as though light were coming. "And then—" his eyes narrowed. "I wonder. In that house lives a young man. The two branches of the family have not spoken for two generations. They move in different sets in society. Mr. Monk, who belongs to the elder branch, and his daughter are in the most exclusive of the old Knickerbocker crowd, while young Carrollton Monk, who lives next door, might be said to belong to the brass band. There isn't any record that the young people even know each other—but, Belcher, I'm inclined to think that you may be right. That is worth looking into. It's the first sensible solution that has come into my mind.

"Let us so consider it—the young people have eloped. She may have been in the habit of going through this passage into the other house, and have been caught there. By George!" Beauchamp rose to his feet. "She may be there at this identical minute!"

"I suppose you haven't thought of the whereabouts of young Monk?"

"What a donkey I am! I haven't any knowledge of him whatsoever. But I'll learn—I'll learn all his tricks and habits. I'll know for a certainty whether Juliette Monk is with him or not."

"Perhaps he has forcibly kept her in his house."

"Murdered her?"

"Well, I hadn't thought of that, but he *might* have done so. Would he not be the heir, in case Miss Monk were dead, to all her father's property? We say we are too civilized for that sort of thing nowadays, but still the newspapers are full of just such stories all the time."

"But," said Beauchamp, "I'm convinced that this is a love story. It seems cruel in that girl to let her poor father walk the floor and worry himself to death, but let a woman like that, one of those strong characters, once get an infatuation, and they think of nothing but its object, and a man like Carrollton Monk seems to be the sort that they always choose. Curious study, character—how one acts and reacts upon the other."

"I suppose in your profession you have that constantly brought to your notice?"

"Oh, yes. 'Tis the fad of the epoch. People won't have the plain facts just as they happen nowadays. They want 'character, character.'"

I arose to go. It was two o'clock.

"You have lifted me out of a hole and set me on firm ground. I'm ever so much obliged to you. The first idea about which I meant to ask your assistance I have entirely lost sight of in the possible solution, which you have given me. But"—he put his thick white hand with its several rings on my arm—"if this is a simple love story, I am afraid papa Monk will forgive them—I am afraid there can be no 'scoop.'"

"Any way," said I, "you must let me hear all the particulars, and if there is anything I can do to assist you, I will. I seem to have done very little. You've done a great

deal. You have given me my clew," and then I went up stairs.

The next morning the Monk case was the first thing I thought of. Beauchamp's door was tightly closed as I went by. I felt sure by night he and that old father would know whether there was a passage between the houses, and if there *was*, I was all impatience for evening to come and hear about it.

At luncheon hour, I went up as far as Union Square with Benning, who is another man upon our staff who aspires to "star" duties. He is one of the most knowing men about New York. His conversation is a regular well of information to me, so far as personalities and that sort of thing go. We took our lunch at a little restaurant about there, and then sat down for half an hour on one of the benches, to talk over some subjects that had come up in the office. Suddenly coming along, got up in spotless array, and with every appearance of heading straight for—or from—a steamer, came Beauchamp, and walking by his side in most disconsolate fashion was a

fashionably clad young man. To my eyes the whole story was told. Beauchamp had found Carrollton Monk and was bringing him home.

In my excitement I arose and started toward them.

"See that big chump," Benning said. "That's Beauchamp who writes those 'Tales of a Detective' for Noonan's syndicate. He's the biggest sponge in New York, or the world I guess. He hunts up some green young fellow and tells him he's a private detective, and presents a problem to him. It's usually some simple thing, that if it were really a happening anybody could see the common sense solution. But the greenhorn always thinks he's showing his cleverness by working out a blood and thunder tale. That's what Beauchamp wants. He dictates the stuff to a typewriter, and it is syndicated from Australia to Alaska. He makes money out of it, too."

The story of the romantic flight of Miss Monk was printed in our last Sunday's edition, but some way I had lost interest in her.

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### THE WORLD'S FAIR LAUNCH.

JUST a small electric launch,  
Rocking near the shore,  
Tempting seats, and cushions soft,  
What could two want more?  
Gliding o'er the big lagoon,—  
Glints of sunset beams,  
Just a little flirting, and  
Just a snatch of dreams.

Just a little half hour gone,  
Sunk into the past.  
"Dear", she whispered, "don't you wish  
This could always last?"  
"Under some conditions, love,  
I might", and then he sighed,  
"Bliss like this, is most too *dear*  
At fifty cents a ride."

*Lillian Holmes.*

## DOING UP WALL STREET.

*By Ralph Morgan.*

**I**N what way did I make my money, you ask, as if fortune building were a rare thing in this country of ours!

"Well, I will tell you. I made it from an idea, from the discovery of a principle, from Wall Street.

"It came about in this way: I had been playing the market to hard luck for a number of months. The bull game proved a failure with me, and as a bear I was a lamentable fizzle. The man who has never become bull or bear is to be envied for the exalted opinion he has of himself. He thinks he is a good deal of a force in the world and tickles himself with the idea that he knows something—is something. I thought this of myself once—that was before I became a bull.

"My last thousand was gone. It looked as if I would soon be reduced to the unenviable occupation of acting as a sandwich for some enterprising advertising house; otherwise the sandwich necessary to keep this body of mine in running order would not be forthcoming. The outlook was not sunny. I was not proud of myself, and there was no reason why I should be—my judgment was sound here.

"It made little difference whether I sold short or bought for a rise, my average winnings were about two out of five. This left the odds against me. I was not greedy. I did not want the earth, but I did set my heart on at least running my average up to three winnings to two losses.

"Plunging on this idea broke me—crazed me. I became moody, gloomy, anarchistic. One day while wandering aimlessly through Central Park I came across a sorry,

hopeless fellow whose very dejection appealed to me. 'Poor devil,' said I to myself, 'another victim of Wall Street—been trying to solve the three in five puzzle, and it has downed him.' Finally I spoke to him—more out of curiosity than otherwise—saying, 'My good friend, you seem in hard luck—can I do anything for you?'

"'Yes,' said he in a sepulchral tone, 'I am in hard luck. I'm a Jonah.'

"'A Jonah?' I repeated.

"'Yes, a Jonah. I was born a Jonah to myself—everything I ever touch goes against me.'

"'Been speculating?' I ventured to inquire, with growing interest in the fellow.

"A simple 'yes' was the reply, accompanied by a sigh that made the ground tremble beneath my feet. 'Great Caesar's ghost!' I exclaimed, and I shuddered at the death-like sadness of the fellow.

"'It has always been so,' he murmured. 'Everything I touch gets back at me.'

"'Stuff!' said I, 'every one thinks pretty much as you do who has been shaken up in Wall Street.'

"The fellow raised his eyes slowly and looked at me with a pathetic appeal that stirred my blood. 'Don't deceive yourself,' said he, speaking slowly. 'My case is not an ordinary one. My mother was a gypsy and my father—but I will not go into details. The simple statement that this Jonahism is a family curse will be sufficient. I came into the Park this morning with the purpose of killing myself and thus putting an end to my wretched luck. I should probably have done so but for you. Your kind words have already weak-

ened my resolution, and left me a hoodoo to myself even in the matter of death.'

"I am very glad if I have saved a human life," I replied, feeling myself in better luck than usual, for my average in the matter of saving lives wasn't anything to brag over.

"After half an hour's conversation with the fellow, I came to the conclusion that he was either the most magnificent liar it had ever been my fortune to come across, or that he was a specimen of the *genus hoodoo* of the first water.

"The great ideas of the world have come to men in peculiar ways. I thought of this, as a great idea was born to me in connection with the fellow before me. My heart beat fast, my cheeks became flushed, and my mind was on fire. 'A principle!' I shouted to myself with delirious delight, with maddened, absorbing enthusiasm, as the possibilities of the idea rushed before me. I must have given the fellow the impression that I was a lunatic, frenzied with some sudden hallucination. He looked a look of greater dimensions and more meaning than was ever leveled at me before or since—it cooled me down. Then I commenced to reason. 'If this fellow is a liar,' I argued, 'he is absolutely worthless to me; but on the other hand if he is the hoodoo that he claims to be—a genuine twenty two karat hoodoo, who never slips up on his hoodooism, why he is simply the greatest find of the century.'

"The next day I met him in Wall Street by appointment. I had promised to lend him money with which to continue speculating, the agreement being that he should place his orders through my brokers, and that he should explain to me all of his moves. He was of course mystified at my seemingly insane proposition, but, with an irresistible taste for gambling, hailed with delight any opportunity to follow the fates. I had in the meantime borrowed a hundred dollars. Forty of this I gave to him. He placed it on Western Union, buying twenty shares,

and putting up the full amount as a margin. With the hoodoo's order to buy twenty shares I entered my order to sell an equal number of the same stock. My plan was to play a safe game until I had tested the genuineness of my mournful friend's Jonahism.

"This deal was made in the morning, and before night W. U. had settled two points. His margin was wiped out. I covered my shortage and looked happy. The next day I handed him a similar amount of money to place as he saw fit. He put it on St. Paul, this time selling short. I, following my system, bought just double the number of shares that he sold. The stock went up—he lost—I won. Three more trials and I was beyond myself with wild, boyish happiness. I couldn't hold myself down. I simply wanted to yell with joy. There was a rosy, gaudy tint over everything that was bewildering. My discovery was an assured success—a principle—a great thing—the key to millions—the terror of Wall Street. I played the market as it never was played before—winning always until the boys began to regard me with superstitious awe. I was on the high road to becoming king of the Street.

"Six months had made me worth five millions, and now I became ambitious for great wealth. My plans for a gigantic deal had been formed, when one day I was horrified to learn that my hoodoo—poor fellow—had been murdered. My goose was no more and the prospect of getting any golden eggs without it, was dark as a pocket.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I left the Street a wiser and richer man—a man saddened by the cruel murder of one to whom I owed all—one with whom I should have divided my wealth, and whom I should have aimed to make happy. The secret I had kept from him, not daring to divulge my principle, fearing it would break the spell. He knew nothing of my winnings and looked upon me as one insane in urging money upon him to squan-

der, as it seemed to him, simply for my amusement. A true hoodoo to the very last, poor fellow, being murdered just as he would have received his share of the fortune which

now alone I have—a fortune that reminds me constantly of him and casts a pathetic shadow over my life—a shadow that never will be lifted."

## DREAMS.

THERE are dreams too false and dreams too true,  
Dreams that are fraught with a fond delight,  
But my tenderest dreams are my dreams of you.

There are dreams of sleep and day dreams too;  
Dreams both of life and eternal night;  
There are dreams too false and dreams too true.

My whole sad life is a dreamland blue  
With the warm mists of a mountain height,  
But my tenderest dreams are my dreams of you.

There are dreams of love—when I would woo,  
Dreams that my pen can no more indite.  
There are dreams too false and dreams too true.

I'm a dreamer of things that I wish to do,  
Not for myself, but for you, my sprite.  
But my tenderest dreams are my dreams of you.

It is all my life your heart to woo.  
Tell me, my sweet, am I dreaming right?  
There are dreams so false and dreams so true,  
May my tenderest dreams still be of you?

*Tom Hall.*



## THE FRENCH PALACES.

By Richard H. Titherington.

ROYALTY in France has passed away, perhaps forever; but its former abodes remain almost as it left them, and form as interesting a series of buildings as any in the world. They have figured on nearly every page of the eventful history of their country. Their every stone, almost, has its association with some famous or infamous name of the

in Paris the Luxembourg, the Palais Bourbon, the Palais de l'Elysée, and the Palais Royal—all former residences of royalty. In the suburbs are St. Cloud, St. Germain, Versailles, and Fontainebleau.

All of these are now, for the third time in their history, confiscated by a republican government. The Chamber of Deputies is in possession



THE TUILERIES AFTER THE COMMUNE.

past. They are replete with memories of the bygone regime. They bear witness to its triumphs and its splendors; they tell of its vices and its follies, and of the awful expiation visited upon them.

A French monarch regarded the world as centering in France, and France as centering in Paris. Except to seek "*gloire*" at the head of his armies, he seldom went far from the fair city on the Seine. He loved best its streets and quays in winter, its suburbs in summer. His palaces were in it or near it. Besides the Tuileries and the Louvre, there are

of the Palais Bourbon. The Senate meets in the Luxembourg; the Council of State at the Palais Royal. The Elysée, once the home of Madame de Pompadour, is now the "executive mansion" of President Carnot. The remnant of the partly demolished Tuileries is devoted to government offices. Except St. Cloud, which is a ruin, the others are maintained as museums and show places.

Of all these the Louvre is far the oldest. Its name takes us back to the days when on the north bank of the Seine there was a *lupara*, or wolf



THE LUXEMBOURG, FROM THE GARDENS, AND THE FOUNTAIN OF THE MEDICIS.

forest. The appellation clung to the castle that Philip Augustus built there about the year 1200, and to the palace that Francis I set in its place three centuries afterward. Nearly every later king added to the pile, and helped to make it, with the Tuilleries, one of the most magnificent of palaces. As it stood complete during the second empire, when a parvenu monarch and his Spanish consort made it the very focus of the gay world, its three great courts, with their noble architectural surroundings, covered forty eight acres of ground.

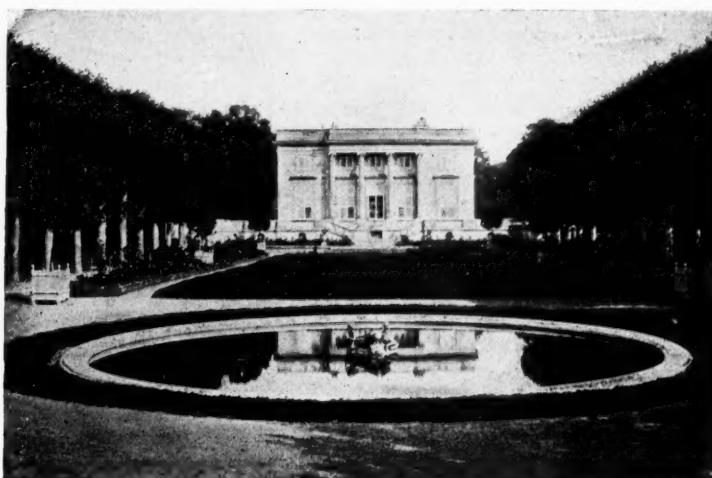
The Tuilleries was begun as a separate structure by Catherine de Medici in 1564, and was gradually extended eastward to a junction with the Louvre. The history of the twin

palaces has for three centuries been an epitome of the history of France. It was in the Louvre that the Protestant Henri of Navarre was married to Margaret of Valois, and it was there that, five days later, the signal was given for the terrible carnage of St. Bartholomew. In one of the palace windows that day sat Charles IX of infamous memory, to enjoy the truly kingly pastime of shooting his heretical subjects; and straight from the palace court marched the soldiers on their murderous errand to the home of the aged Coligny. The Tuilleries was the center of the mad storm of 1792, when it saw the ending of the old monarchy, the abasement of Louis XVI, and the massacre of the Swiss guards whom the hapless king for-

bade, even in self defense, to spill the "sacred French blood" of the furious rabble.

There, too, closed another epoch of French history, when Napoleon the Little, as Hugo called him, set forth from the Tuileries in the summer of 1870 to lead his armies to defeat and ruin, and when, a few short weeks later, Eugenie fled from her overturned throne. And the next year, after the historic pile had echoed to

lections with a magnificent unscrupulousness, and ransacked Europe in their behalf. After Waterloo, many of his acquisitions were returned to their rightful owners; but the Louvre still ranks as one of the very first of artistic treasure houses. Only Rome, Florence, and London have anything to compare with it. The Venus of Milo is perhaps its most celebrated single exhibit; but its paintings—of which there are two thousand, all of



THE LITTLE TRIANON, VERSAILLES.

the tramp of the victorious Germans along the streets of the conquered capital, it found a more merciless foe in the destructive fury of the Parisian mob. On the 22nd of May, 1871, when the insurgent Communists saw that their cause was lost, the torch was set to the palace they could hold no longer. Of the Tuileries, the central portion was burned to the ground, the north wing was gutted. The former has since been removed, the latter restored. The Versailles troops were just in time to avert the irreparable loss the world would have suffered had the flames advanced further and destroyed the priceless art treasures of the Louvre.

The gathering of these last began as far back as the sixteenth century. The first Napoleon added to the col-

lections with a magnificent unscrupulousness, and ransacked Europe in their behalf. After Waterloo, many of his acquisitions were returned to their rightful owners; but the Louvre still ranks as one of the very first of artistic treasure houses. Only Rome, Florence, and London have anything to compare with it. The Venus of Milo is perhaps its most celebrated single exhibit; but its paintings—of which there are two thousand, all of

the highest order—are more remarkable even than its statuary.

Another famous picture gallery is at the Luxembourg. It consists entirely of the work of contemporary French artists. Upon the death of a painter whose canvases have achieved the coveted honor of admission to this collection, they are transferred to the Louvre, or to one of the numerous provincial museums.

The history of the Luxembourg itself is an eventful one. It was built between 1615 and 1620 for Marie de Medici, the widowed queen of Henri IV. The architect, Jacques Debrosse, modeled it upon the home of her girlhood—the Pitti Palace in Florence. The garden façade, shown in the engraving on page 622, is especially reminiscent of that side of the

Florentine palace that faces the elaborate Boboli gardens. The Luxembourg was a royal residence down to the time of the Revolution, its last tenant under the old régime being the Comte de Provence, afterward Louis XVIII. It was one of the buildings that were pressed into service as prisons, in the days when every jail in Paris was so thronged with the Revolution's victims that the busy guillotine could not dispatch them fast enough. Josephine Beauharnais,

phalia, was its latest princely resident. In 1871 it was leveled by the torch of the Communists, but the damage the building suffered has since been repaired, and its bazars are still the Sixth Avenue of Parisian shoppers.

Of the suburban palaces, the ancient chateau of St. Germain deserves the first mention. It was built by Francis I, and remained the chief summer residence of royalty till Louis XIV conceived a dislike for



THE CHATEAU OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

the great Napoleon's first and only love, was one of its occupants for a time; others were Danton and Robespierre. Then the First Consul dubbed it the Palais du Consulat, and made it his home until he went to the Tuilleries in February, 1800. It has ever since been divided between legislation and art.

The name of the Palais Royal has become familiar in another way. Built by Richelieu, who called it the Palais Cardinal, it was purchased after his death by Anne of Austria, widow of the thirteenth and mother of the fourteenth Louis; and so it passed down the Bourbon line to Philippe Egalité, who, to restore the revenues his profligacy had impaired, surrounded his garden with a row of stores. Jerome, titular King of West-

it. His reason was that it commanded a view of the tower of the old cathedral of St. Denis, the burial place of the French kings—a reminder of death intolerable to this most august of mortal monarchs! The abandoned chateau figured in English history, a few years later, as the refuge of the expelled James II. Napoleon used it first as a military school and later as a prison; it is now a comparatively unimportant museum of antiquities.

From St. Germain the greatest of the Bourbon monarchs went to Versailles, where he had planned a palace that should be a worthy monument of his magnificence. Never, save when Cheops bade the naked strength of a nation raise the pyramids of Egypt, has the whim of

a king been carried out at a vaster sacrifice of money, life, and labor. At Louis's order thirty six thousand men and six thousand horses were set to leveling and terracing the ground of the intractable spot he had chosen, while other armies of toilers, sometimes decimated by pestilence, made lakes and aqueducts, planted forest trees, and built the great chateau. "An abyss of extravagance," Voltaire called Versailles. Its construction drained no less than two hundred millions of dollars from the royal treasury.

From 1682 Versailles was for a century the headquarters of the French government. The gilded revelries of its licentious court were gradually heaping up the retributive fury that burst upon it when the Paris mob stormed and sacked it, and bore off the Louis of that day a helpless captive, destined for the guillotine. The chateau has since been little used, though Louis Philippe restored it. There was a strange episode in its history when, during the siege of Paris, it was for six months the residence of the Prussian king, who was crowned in its halls as the first emperor of reunited Germany.

The palace of Versailles is of great extent, having a front more than a quarter of a mile long. The grounds are remarkable as a survival of the prim, geometric gardening of two hundred years ago, and for the *grandes eaux*. These fine fountains play only on certain Sunday afternoons in summer, and the sight—which is said to cost ten thousand francs to prepare—always attracts great crowds of Parisian sight seers. In the park are the two pavilions of the Great and Little Trianon, built

by the monarchs of Versailles as temples for their worship of Venus. Madame du Barry was the particular divinity to whom the Little Trianon was dedicated by Louis XV; later it was a favorite domicile of Marie Antoinette.

Francis I was the first great palace builder of the French kings. The fine old chateau of Fontainebleau, standing at the edge of its splendid forest, forty miles up the Seine from Paris, owes its origin to him: and it derives its chief charm from the fact that it stands today almost as he left it, with the additions made by Henri IV. It was in one of its chambers that Louis XIV drove the Huguenots from France by revoking the tolerant Edict of Nantes; in another that Napoleon divorced the unhappy Josephine. In one of its courts the Corsican conqueror said farewell to his guards when he left them to go into banishment at Elba; and on the same spot he greeted them when he escaped from captivity to reign again for a hundred days. At Fontainebleau, too, at the height of his power, he held a pope two years a prisoner. Such are a scant few from the old palace's rich store of historic memories.

St. Cloud became royal property when Louis XIV purchased it, but its days of greatest éclat were during the second empire, when it was Louis Napoleon's favorite summer residence. It bore the full brunt of the war that ended its imperial owner's reign, being repeatedly occupied by the German besiegers, and repeatedly shelled by the French guns in Fort Valérien. Its ruins stand now like a grim memorial of the shattered fortunes of the house of Napoleon.



# IN THE NAME OF THE CZAR.\*

*By William Murray Graydon,*

Author of "Vera Shamarin," "The House of Orfanoff", etc.

## VII.

WHEN the count reached the door he found that it was already too late. The vestibule and hallway swarmed suddenly with grim faced men. As they surged into the room Alexis, iron bar in hand, tried to force his way to the street. He was quickly overpowered, however, and borne to the floor. His captors locked irons upon his wrists and ankles. They threw him roughly into a chair and set a guard over him.

A sub-inspector and a surgeon were sent for. They quickly arrived accompanied by a patrol of gendarmes and Cossacks. Alexis was recognized by several persons. He heard his name mentioned with horror and aversion.

The sub-inspector sat down at the desk and began to write hastily. Men went constantly in and out of the room. A vast mob had congregated in the street, and their hoarse, swelling murmur could be plainly heard. It was a tragic moment when four gendarmes entered, bearing between them the dead body of a man in police uniform. They placed it on the floor and shudderingly wiped the blood from their hands. A crowd instantly surrounded the spot.

"It is poor Nicholas," said one. "He was on duty at the street door. God have mercy on his soul!"

"He was no traitor, then," exclaimed the sub-inspector. "I feared he was concerned in the crime."

"No," replied one of the gendarmes, "he was stabbed to the

heart by the assassin. We found the body thrust into the closet in the lower hall."

Alexis listened with growing horror to this fresh arraignment. Worse and worse. He was charged with a double murder. He saw more clearly than ever the diabolical meshwork in which he had become entangled. His enemy—and he knew now that one existed—had planned every detail with matchless cunning and ingenuity. Not a loophole of escape had been left open.

A moment later a messenger entered the room and whispered to the sub-inspector. The latter signaled to the gendarmes, who quickly removed Alexis's ankle fetters and conducted him down stairs. As they passed into the street a furious shout broke from the mob, who were held at bay by a cordon of Cossacks. The trying ordeal was quickly over. The prisoner was hustled across the pavement and into a closed sleigh that stood alongside the curb. Two of the gendarmes sprang in after him. The driver whipped up his horses, and the sleigh swept swiftly toward the Fortress, accompanied by a troop of mounted Cossacks.

The wheels of Russian justice move swiftly and in secret. The police are all powerful. In many cases men and women are arrested, condemned without the formality of a trial, and sent to a living death in Siberia before their friends and relatives know what has become of them.

In the case of Captain Armfeldt, and his sister and Count Alexis Nordhoff, there was widespread pub-

\*This story began in the August number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

licity. The authorities were powerless to prevent this, owing to the high social standing of the offenders. A wave of heartfelt sympathy rippled through court and military circles, and the influence of powerful friends was quickly enlisted. But all this was of no avail. Indeed, it only strengthened the determination of the Minister of Police to prosecute the affair to its utmost limits.

Of late the seeds of Nihilism and Socialism had gained ground among the upper classes with alarming rapidity. Here was an opportunity which the authorities had long wanted—a chance to terrify aristocratic evil doers by holding up before them an awful warning and example. So, in spite of the sympathy and powerful influence that were enlisted in their behalf the prisoners were summarily dealt with.

In Helen's case there was no defense possible. She had been arrested at a meeting of Nihilists, and documents that proved her intimacy and connection with them had been found in her apartments. She was adjudged guilty and was not allowed to speak in her own behalf. She was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment at the town of Yeniseisk, in Northern Siberia.

Her fellow conspirators, who received a like sentence, knew nothing of her fate or of the circumstances attending it. It is doubtful if they would have cleared her had the chance offered. They knew that some one had betrayed them and they thirsted for revenge. It would have made no difference to them had they known that the traitor had used the innocent girl as a cat's paw. Helen was equally ignorant of the meshwork that was woven around her. She was ignorant of the arrest of her brother and lover. She depended on them to establish her innocence and save her. But when she received neither message nor visit from either of them during her brief incarceration in the Fortress, hope changed to despair. She started on her dreary journey with a well nigh broken heart.

Vassily left Petersburg two days later, but not exactly as a prisoner. His arrest had been based on the disturbance at the court ball, but underneath it was a suspicion on the part of the authorities that he was connected with the Nihilists. However, there was no proof of this, and the Czar was graciously pleased to degrade him to the rank of lieutenant and assign him to a post of duty at Vladivostok, the remote Russian seaport on the Pacific coast, six thousand miles from Petersburg. Crushed and heartbroken, Vassily had no alternative but to submit. Before his departure he learned of Helen's fate and of Count Nordhoff's alleged crime. He realized that both were hopelessly doomed. He believed that Alexis was guilty—that the loss of his promised wife had driven him to desperation and that he had slain Inspector Sumaroff in a moment of ungovernable passion.

Of course Vassily was not in a position to obtain further information than that voluntarily given him by his jailers. He was held in confinement until the day of Count Nordhoff's trial. That afternoon he left Petersburg on the first stage of his long water journey to Vladivostok.

The count's trial was conducted publicly, and he was allowed to avail himself of the best legal talent in the city. None the less he was promptly found guilty. His story was laughed at, and he had no proof to sustain it. On the other hand there was damning evidence of his guilt. He was condemned to death, but on the following day the sentence was commuted to hard labor for life in the silver mines of Vertschinks, near Irkutsk. Within forty eight hours he was speeding southward by rail, in custody of a guard of Cossacks.

Thus the curtain fell upon the three victims of a frightful injustice, but on the outer side of it were left two stanch and noble hearts. Ralph Cranbrook and Piers Vivian were resolved to unearth the mystery—to devote fortune and life, if need be, to the task of clearing their

friends and bringing to justice the fiend who had planned and executed such a fearful revenge.

They failed to secure an interview with a single one of the prisoners, but they were present at Count Nordhoff's trial, and they heard him relate the seemingly ridiculous story of his visit to Inspector Sumaroff on the night of the murder. Vassily had previously told them, on the morning after the court ball, all the circumstances connected with Helen's arrest. They had already discovered that the note which took him to the Naval Club was a forgery—that the supposed writer had actually been absent from the city at the time.

They called on a detective of much celebrity—a Frenchman named Maxime Valadon. Cranbrook introduced himself and his companion, and briefly stated their errand. He spoke in French—a language with which both he and Vivian were fluently acquainted. Maxime Valadon listened attentively to the end.

"Messieurs, this is indeed a strange coincidence," he exclaimed, in a tone of enthusiasm. "I have been attracted by this very case. I have been giving it careful study. From the first I scented a mystery. I have even gone so far as to acquire certain information. Behold!" He pointed to a table that was littered with newspapers, documents, and some sheets of paper partially written upon.

"I agree with you, monsieur," he continued, "that your friends are innocent. I was present at the trial of Count Nordhoff."

### VIII.

THE murky dawn of a March morning shone through grimy window panes into an exile station house on the great Siberian post-road. It glared coldly and pitilessly on the filthy walls, and revealed the dull outlines of two hundred human wretches, both men and women, who were huddled densely on the hard floor. Some slept soundly; others

moaned and tossed in the throes of delirious illness or troubled dreams. An imaginary line drawn across one corner of the room separated the women from the men. The latter were chained together, two by two.

From an adjoining apartment came suddenly the sound of gruff voices and the creaking of booted feet. The next instant the notes of a bugle rang shrill and clear. Its echo had scarcely died away ere the convicts awoke and staggered to their feet. They knew the signal well. It meant the beginning of another day's misery and fatigue—another weary stage through heavy snow toward their ultimate destination in far distant prisons and mines.

With a dismal clanking of chains they surged through the double doors that had suddenly been opened into a dreary court yard. The air was chilly. Snow was falling thickly and lay half a foot deep on the ground. Off to one side the drivers were harnessing the peasant carts. Cossacks and officers swarmed out of their quarters. With sour looks they noted the pelting storm. They drove the helpless prisoners into line. The scanty supply of rations for the day was brought forward in baskets and hastily distributed.

Brief time was allowed for the repast. The captain of the guard strode to the front of the long line, pulling his collar about his ears. He glared sullenly at the two hundred drawn faces as he called the roll. An assistant checked off each response. Here were a dozen blanks; twelve of the unfortunates lay moaning with sickness inside the station. They were brought out and examined by the surgeon. Some were shoved into rank; others ordered to the carts.

"Fall in!" thundered the Cossacks. In scrambling haste the men lined up in files of six. The women and children mounted the carts. The gates of the court yard were flung open.

"Forward!" rang the sharp command, and instantly the dreary procession was in motion.

Keeping time with the harsh clink clank of iron fetters, it passed through the gates and turned eastward along the snowy posroad. First came the advance guard of ten Cossacks, muffled in green uniforms and armed with Berdan rifles. Then marched the convicts between scattered lines of soldiers. Half a score of carts followed, laden with women and children, sick prisoners and baggage. The rear was brought up by a comfortable covered sledge in which reclined the commanding officer.

A bend in the road soon hid the station house. Ahead was the pitiless cloud of snow; on each side lay a dense forest of spruce and pine.

The convicts were a motley crew. There were few politicals among them. The majority were desperate criminals. Jews and peasants marched side by side with swarthy Circassians and fierce mountaineers from Daghestan. Turks from the Crimea were fettered to sunburned Tartars from the lower Volga.

In the front file were two strongly contrasting types, fettered leg to leg. Both wore the ordinary convict garb—blouse, cap, and trousers of coarse gray cloth and high leather boots. The one was more than six feet tall, with broad shoulders and powerful limbs. His face was repulsive, and was disfigured by numerous ugly scars. He was between fifty and sixty years of age.

His companion was tall and aristocratic looking. In spite of the ravages of grief and hardship his old friends could still have recognized Count Nordhoff. His fellow convicts were ignorant of his name and crime. They knew as little about him as he of them—and that was simply nothing. Possibly the only individual who did know him was the commanding officer, Captain Gorka. Alexis stood on the same basis with his chain mate, with whom he had shared a pair of fetters for the past three days. He knew that his name was Carl Pushkin, but that was all. He had no desire to come to closer terms with such an un-

doubted ruffian and desperado. The other, finding his repeated advances rebuffed, had lapsed into sullen reticence.

The procession wound on for mile after mile through the deepening snow. Alexis kept weary step with his own file, bowing his head to the cutting blast. He felt as one who is interred in a living tomb. There was nothing to expect or look forward to but hopeless misery, yet the past was always in his thoughts—an ever present torture and sting.

He tried not to think of Helen, though there were times when her memory would not be thrust aside—moments when he was goaded almost to madness. He wondered what had been her fate and Vassily's; if they would ever meet in the dreary Siberian future.

As he plodded on by the side of his chain mate his thoughts strayed to the shifting scenes of the past six weeks. The nucleus of the convict band to which he now belonged had started from Russia six months before. Instead of taking the same tedious route, he had been hurried forward by rail and post; first to the frontier and across the Ural mountains, then by river steamboat to the city of Tomsk, 2,600 long miles from Petersburg. He had reached there three days before and overtaken the band of convicts. Now he was experiencing the trials and hardships of the ordinary exile. One thousand weary miles must be covered on foot before he would reach his destination near Irkutsk. He seemed to have lived years in those short six weeks—years of black despair and agonizing heartache.

Alexis shivered with cold as he tramped blindly on. A misstep sent him sprawling in the snow, and his knee came in sharp contact with a hidden stone. After that he limped badly, and could scarcely repress groans of pain.

"Lean on me, comrade," muttered Carl Pushkin. He drew his chain mate close to his powerful frame and supported him with one arm.

Alexis was forced to accept this

aid. He felt grateful for it, and his reserve and disdain melted away. "This man seems to have a kind heart in spite of his looks," he reflected. "He might regard me with equal abhorrence did he know of what crime I had been convicted."

When Pushkin inquired how he felt he gave a cordial answer.

"The pain will not last long," replied the big convict, in a tone which implied a willingness to let bygones be bygones; "but it was an ugly fall. You must keep up your strength, for there are hard times ahead of us."

"Alas! yes," admitted Alexis. "The journey will continue many weeks. However, it is close to spring, and we shall then suffer less from the cold."

"Little signs of spring now," replied Pushkin, "though, as you say, its coming can't be much longer delayed; this has been a frightfully severe winter. But when I spoke of hardships I meant today. We shall be lucky indeed if morning finds us at the next station house. The snow is already a foot and a half deep, and the storm will continue for hours. More than one of these poor wretches will find a white grave: only the strong and hardy will survive."

"Is the outlook indeed so bad?" exclaimed Alexis, in a tone of horror.

"Yes, mountains and lonely forest stretch on all sides of us. I know well of what I speak. Twice before have I traveled this road to the mines of Kara. Once it was in the dead of winter, as now, and I saw men die like sheep."

"And did you indeed escape from Siberia?" inquired Alexis, in surprise. "Is such a thing possible?"

"Yes; if one has the fortitude to endure hardships that would kill an ordinary man," replied Pushkin. "I escaped twice, and worked my way back to Russia. Twice, also, was I retaken. Now I am on my third journey to the mines. But I am not yet an old man, and doubtless I shall see Russia once more before I die."

He was silent for a little while, and his scarred features worked con-

vulsively. Alexis glanced with mingled admiration and repulsion at his massive and powerful limbs—at the sturdy legs which had tramped thousands of miles to and fro across Siberia. The conversation was not resumed, since one of the Cossacks had stationed himself alongside the file, and was so close that Alexis could have touched him by reaching out his arm.

For three or four hours the weary band groped their way along. It was now quite dark. The encircling forest stood dimly out from the swirling snow flakes. Progress was painfully slow. The advance guard of Cossacks, as they groped their way forward in a compact mass, failed to note a fork in the road and a granite column whose inscription was obliterated by the darkness. They blindly pursued the turning to the left, unconscious of their mistake. Behind them staggered the shivering and foot sore wretches, urged on by rough guards.

The dreary march continued at a snail's pace. Suddenly from a short distance ahead came a volley of hoarse shouts. The vanguard of Cossacks struggled on a few yards. A moment later a mounted officer rode forward and checked his horse on the very toes of the vanguard.

"Who are you?" he demanded. "What are you doing here? Who is your commandant?"

"Captain Gorka," replied the Cossacks. "He has preceded us to the station house with the carts. Surely you met him on the way?"

"Gorka?" repeated the officer. "He is the commander of the party that was to leave Tomsk for Irkutsk on the day following my departure. Ah, I understand it now. You took the wrong turning more than a mile back. Did you not see the guide stone? You are now on the road to Yeniseisk."

The Cossacks cursed their luck and the convicts moaned in despair.

"It's an ugly fix," resumed the officer. "I wish I could help you, but I have a party of fifty convicts on my hands—half in carts and the

balance on foot. We are bound for Yeniseisk, but the heavy snowdrifts have compelled us to halt. My troops are now searching for firewood. You had better push on a few yards and join us. It is out of the question for you to retrace your steps. Every man will perish."

The officer evidently had a humane heart. He turned his horse and galloped back. The Cossacks followed, having no other alternative, and the head of the column was soon in touch with the line of carts, which were filled mainly with women. Beyond them could be faintly seen the huddled groups of strange convicts.

There was a moment of hesitancy and inaction. Then the silence was broken by a frightful sound—a long blood curdling wail from the forest to the right. It was quickly caught up from all sides. The shrill yelping came closer and closer, waking the night to dismal echoes.

"The wolves are upon us," cried the convicts. The panic stricken wretches rent the air with shrieks of fright that fairly drowned the baying of the ravenous and swiftly approaching brutes. In dogged despair they stood still, not knowing whither to flee. Piercing screams rose from the unfortunate occupants of the carts. The threatened peril was underestimated by none.

Pushkin grasped Alexis by the arm. "We are lost," he cried in his ear. "Hark! the brutes are coming by hundreds. The hard, long winter has driven them to the verge of starvation, and they are as bold and fierce as lions."

The Cossacks made a cowardly bolt for the forest, intending to take shelter in the branches of trees. But the officer in command of the other party dashed suddenly among them and drove them back.

"You dogs," he thundered, "would you leave these shackled wretches to their fate? Where is your locksmith? Have him take off every iron. Quick! while there is time."

The Cossacks were cowed into obedience. The locksmith appeared

and hastily set to work with his keys. The front file were liberated, Pushkin and Alexis among the number; then the two succeeding one.

The next instant the uproar rose to a frightful pitch as scores of gaunt, dusky forms sprang from the surrounding forest and with savage snarls launched themselves upon their victims.

Fettered and freed tumbled over one another in the mad scramble for life. The locksmith dropped his keys and fled, but swift retribution overtook him and his body was torn limb from limb. The Cossacks vanished in all directions, shooting as they ran.

The horses attached to the nearest cart bolted instantly. The vehicle overturned and its occupants were pitched into the snow.

Alexis saw the catastrophe and sprang forward. He snatched the frail figure of a woman in his arms. "My God!" he cried, as he glanced into her face. "It is Helen!"

## IX.

In that moment of frightful peril Alexis could not analyze his emotions, yet he knew that the girl he had snatched from the snow was indeed Helen Armfeldt. The dim light revealed her face, and it seemed to him more beautiful than ever, worn though it was by the keen tooth of suffering and privation. She had fainted at sound of his voice, and now lay white and still in his arms.

The dreadful pandemonium that rose from all sides warned Alexis that not a second was to be lost. His stanch heart sank as he glared vainly about him in search of some place of refuge.

A Cossack had been overcome by the wolves. His rifle lay ten feet away. Alexis made a dash for it, and clutching it firmly by the barrel he sprang back to Helen's side, snatched the still senseless girl in his arms and ran toward the covered sledge.

As he drew near he saw that the horses had broken loose from the

traces and fled. The leather curtains were buttoned tightly over the rear and sides of the vehicle. He hurried to the front end and tossed his burden lightly over the seat. Mounting upon the forewheels he climbed into the interior. Helen had landed on a pile of straw directly behind the seat. Her consciousness began to return.

"Courage, Helen," cried Alexis. "I will save you."

The rifle he had picked up was a repeater. He turned the muzzle on the howling pack of wolves that now surrounded the sledge, and pulled the trigger rapidly. Each shot brought down a wolf, and the bodies were instantly pounced upon and mangled by their comrades. But only a few shots had been fired when the cartridges were exhausted.

Alexis was in despair, but a cry from Helen sent the hot blood pulsing through his veins and gave him the strength and valor of a madman. Throwing one leg over the seat and bracing it on the footboard, he gripped the rifle with both hands and waited. Doubtless there were cartridges somewhere in the sledge, but he had no time to seek them.

With gnashing teeth and howls of fury, the wolves scrambled over one another and bounded in air. It was an easy matter to gain the footboard of the sledge, but it was not so easy to stick there. Thud! thud! rang the rifle stock as brute after brute was beaten down. Yelping and snarling they renewed the attack, glaring like fiends at the man who stoutly held them at bay.

But human endurance was not proof against such desperate and repeated onslaughts. Alexis felt his strength failing.

It was a frightful moment when a rifle shot rang out above the yelping of the maddened pack. Flashing lights shone inside and danced on the furs—on Helen's flushed face and wide open eyes.

Alexis staggered forward and leaned over the seat. He saw the cowardly wolves scurrying off through the forest. He saw the Cossacks who

belonged to the strange party advancing from up the road, waving torches as they came. They had rallied and driven off the ravenous pack. In the rear tramped those of the prisoners who were yet alive—a haggard and moaning band of men and women.

The humane officer was on foot. He ordered the three empty carts to be piled together. This was quickly done, and the Cossacks applied torches. The flames roared and crackled, casting a ruddy glare for many yards around. The prisoners were left in the safe shelter of the blaze while the officer and his troops advanced. They passed the sledge and went on down the road, where a horde of wolves and convicts were yet struggling and shrieking. A moment later the night echoed to the shrill and incessant crack of rifles.

Alexis had seen enough. He crept back to Helen. "My dear," he whispered. "Do not fear. The wolves have been beaten back."

She threw her arms about his neck and kissed him. "Alexis!" she cried, in a tone that thrilled him to the heart. "Is it really you, or am I dreaming? Yes; I know your voice. I am awake. Thank God! You have come to save me—to take me home. Oh! how I have suffered—how I have longed for death! But I was sure you would come. I knew your love would defy and conquer all obstacles. Now the misery is over. I am so happy."

"My God!" he groaned in his agony. "How can I tell her? How can I tell her?"

"My dear," he whispered, in a broken and husky voice, "you must know the worst. I entreat you to be brave. I, too, am a convict. I am on my way to the mines near Irkutsk. Let us make the most of this brief opportunity, for we shall soon be dragged apart. Let us plan—"

A pitiful cry interrupted him, and then all was silent. Helen had fainted under the shock.

He clasped her still form in his arms and wept bitterly. "It is better so," he murmured. "She is

spared the agony of parting. She need not know how terrible and hopeless is her plight—hers and mine."

The wolves had now been beaten back. Wailing cries rose on the air as Alexis crept to the front of the sledge. The Cossacks were returning with the uninjured and wounded convicts. The commanding officer, who headed the dismal procession, caught a glimpse of Alexis. A quick order was given, and half a dozen Cossacks swarmed at once into the sledge. He was dragged out and over to the fire. Rude hands placed Helen on a plank beside him. Then both prisoners were momentarily forgotten as the survivors of Captain Gorka's band came slowly forward.

Little wonder that they rent the air with lamentations. From a total of two hundred, scarcely more than one hundred and forty remained alive. Sixty men and women had been mangled or devoured by the ravenous wolves. A dozen of the soldiers had also perished.

The other party, having a brave and efficient leader, had fared better, losing ten convicts and three Cossacks. Thus the total number of those who had perished by the fangs of the wolves was close upon eighty five.

Cossacks and convicts alike seemed stupefied. After a while some semblance of order was restored.

Amid all these scenes, and within hearing of the pitiful cries of the wounded, Alexis stood by the side of her whom he loved better than life. He had constituted himself Helen's protector. He found a heavy cloak in the snow and threw it over her.

A heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder. He turned and saw Carl Pushkin. It was a joyful meeting for both. They exchanged glances of pleasure.

"You are not hurt?" exclaimed Alexis.

"Not a scratch," replied Pushkin, "I was helping the Cossacks of the other party. They lent me a rifle." He displayed his powder grimed

hands as he resumed: "I witnessed your brave fight, comrade, and when I saw you climb into the sledge I knew you were safe. You have a woman there?" He glanced curiously at Helen.

"Yes," answered Alexis.

At this point a commotion was heard and a group of Cossacks came down the road. They had gone in search of the runaway carts and were returning successful. They also had with them the commandant's horse.

The carts were driven past the fire, and the Cossack who was leading the officer's steed, halted directly alongside of Alexis and Pushkin. The horse was large and powerful.

As Alexis glanced from the animal to Helen a daring idea suggested itself to his mind. "It is worth trying," he reflected. "We shall be no worse off. Tomsk is but fifty miles distant, and once there we will stand a good chance of finding shelter and friends."

It was a rash and foolhardy impulse. He glanced quickly around him. The Cossack in charge of the horse had let go of the bridle, and was filling his pipe with tobacco. Pushkin had joined him, and the two were conversing on easy terms. The rest of the soldiers were either piling fresh wood on the fire or moving to and fro among the wounded convicts. The officer was some distance off.

Alexis felt his heart throb wildly as he stooped and lifted Helen in his arms. The next instant he was speeding forward into the night, holding the lines in one hand and clinging to Helen with the other.

Maddened by the incessant prodding of the stirrups and by the shrill clamor that rose from the Cossacks, the high spirited steed tore on a furious gallop down the road. Alexis heard the crack of rifles ring above the clamor, and whistling bullets sped by his ears. Then a fierce, wild joy surged through his heart as he saw the friendly darkness before him.

But his exultation was short lived.

Scarcely had the horse left the last Cossack sentry behind when two gaunt brutes leaped from the forest into midroad, uttering snarls of rage and hunger. The horse swerved so abruptly that Alexis was shot off into the snow. His arm was still around Helen's waist, and they landed together. The frightened steed turned about and galloped up the road, where he was speedily captured. The wolves retreated to the forest as suddenly as they had come, dismayed by the shouts and blazing torches of the advancing Cossacks.

The drifted snow had saved the fugitives from injury. Alexis glanced despairingly at his pursuers as he knelt beside the girl. "Alexis!" she murmured. "Don't let them separate us."

"It is God's will," he replied, holding her to his breast. "Listen, Helen. I have but a moment to speak. You are going to Yeniseisk—I to Irkutsk. Some day I will escape and come to you. I implore you to believe it. For my sake be brave and endure your sufferings."

The fervid words were spoken on the spur of the moment, yet he meant them to come true. A ray of hope seemed to shine through his bitter despair.

"Yes; I will live for your sake," she whispered. "Some day you will come, Alexis."

There was no time to say more. The Cossacks were upon them, and they were torn roughly apart. Helen uttered one pitiful scream; then she hung limply in the arms of her captors as they bore her up the road. Alexis followed between two Cossacks.

The spot where the flight had begun was quickly reached. Helen was placed in the covered sledge, which was already crowded with women. The commanding officer confronted Alexis with a glance of anger.

"The scoundrel belongs to the other party," he exclaimed, and turning to Alexis, added: "What was your object in attempting to carry off a woman whom you never saw until

tonight? Better if I had left you both to the mercy of the wolves, I assuredly would have done so but for the horse."

Alexis made no reply. He faced his questioner calmly, but at heart he was deeply worried for fear the secret should be discovered. In that event extraordinary measures might be taken to frustrate the plan which he had recently conceived.

The officer turned on his heel, muttering in an audible tone, "There is surely some mystery here. It matters little, however, since the close of another day will find them miles apart, and with no hope of meeting in the future."

As an advance in the darkness would have courted certain attack from the wolves, preparations were made to spend the balance of the night on the ground. The Yeneseisk party were separated from the others and marched forward a distance of fifty yards. Horses were harnessed to the covered sledge, and with a bitter pang Alexis saw it vanish amid the string of carts. The fire was left in possession of the Irkutsk party, and fresh ones were built by the strangers.

The convicts were huddled around the blaze in dismal groups. Some stretched themselves in the snow and tried vainly to sleep. Little wonder that none could close their eyes. Here and there lay bleeding and mangled wretches whose wounds had been clumsily bandaged by the Cossacks. Their groans and cries mingled with the baying of wolves, for the hungry pack still prowled in the vicinity. Torches and bonfires flashed along the line and cast a yellow glare on the bloody snow.

Alexis found himself by the side of Carl Pushkin, and with a motive, which he intended revealing later, he poured out his whole sad story. Pushkin was deeply impressed by the narrative.

"I believe in your innocence," he replied. "I knew from the first that you were far above the rest of us. But you have no redress that I can see."

He finally told Alexis something of his own life. He had resided in Irkutsk and the vicinity, he said, until he was thirty years old. Then he moved to South Russia, where poverty drove him to crime and he became the leader of a band of robbers.

"You have lived in Irkutsk, then?" asked Alexis. "Doubtless you possess more intimate knowledge of the country than that gathered in your journeys to and from the mines."

There was something in the way he spoke that made plain his thoughts to Pushkin:

"I think I understand you, comrade," he said. "Rely on me."

The night wore monotonously on. At early dawn hot tea and black bread were served to all, and an hour later a string of carts came slowly up the road, led by Captain Gorka. He violently upbraided the Cossacks for their blunder, but showed little concern for the poor wretches who had been slain by the wolves.

Preparations for departure were made in haste. Half a dozen of the injured had died during the night, and the bodies were allowed to remain in the snow. The Yeneseisk party was the first to start, and Alexis strained his eyes after the covered sledge that held his loved one as long as it remained in sight. When a bend in the road hid it from view he reluctantly turned his head and obeyed the sharp command to fall in.

## X.

THE close of April witnessed the melting of Siberian snow drifts and the breaking up of the ice-bound Neva. While the convict bands to which Helen and Alexis belonged were tramping on through May and June toward their widely separated destinations, enduring untold hardships, vividly contrasting scenes were taking place in the Imperial City of St. Petersburg. The Czar and his court were at Peterhof. The nobles and wealthy merchants hovered between their villas and the Gulf of

Finland and their dearly loved clubs in town. The stirring events of February had been forgotten, except by a few. A new man reigned in the place of Inspector Sumaroff. Paul Daresoff and the assassin of the police spy Bulgarin were still at large. The police were of the opinion that they had escaped across the frontier.

General Armfeldt, bent and haggard, could occasionally be seen tottering between his lonely mansion and the quays, attended by a faithful servant. He had resigned from active service and seemed waiting for death to end the wreck of his life and happiness.

Stepan Sebranji, after his long absence in South America, was enjoying life in contentment and happiness. It is true that he no longer spent large sums in dissipation and extravagance. But he still owned a horse and a yacht, and was exceedingly popular among the members of his several clubs. He was frequently invited to the suburban villas among the islands of the Neva, and therefore he spent but little time in his apartments.

Perhaps it was stress of business that chained Michael Korf, the lawyer, to his office, and caused the anxious, haggard look that was ever present on his features. At all events he had forsaken the gaming table and discarded the costly beauties of the opera and the ballet. He received frequent visits from shrewd faced men whose appearance stamped them as detectives. He held long and futile interviews with them, and each time the lines on his worn face seemed to deepen.

The gay life of which Cranbrook and Vivian found themselves a part during that summer was a severe and trying ordeal. The rôle that they were playing compelled them to be seen constantly at their clubs and at social functions. Their vivacity and light heartedness was only a mask that concealed their gnawing grief and sorrow.

On the afternoon of the 14th of August, as Cranbrook was about leaving the American legation, a

note was handed to him by a strange messenger, who immediately departed. The missive was penciled in Maxime Valadon's well known hand, and contained the following brief instructions:

"Come to my apartments at nine o'clock tonight. Be at the street door exactly on the stroke of the hour."

Cranbrook lost no time in finding Vivian and acquainting him with the summons. The bell of St. Isaac's struck the hour just as the two paused before the house. The door was opened and Maxime Valadon looked cautiously out. He beckoned his visitors up the steps, and pressed his fingers to his lips to indicate silence. Without a word he conducted them to his apartment on the second floor, which was in utter darkness. He guided them to chairs and partly closed the door, leaving open a crack half a dozen inches wide. From where they sat Cranbrook and Vivian could see clearly into the hall. Above the stairway a gas jet was burning under half head.

"Now, messieurs," whispered Valadon, as he took a seat behind them, "you will remain perfectly quiet and make good use of your eyes."

His visitors were mystified, and it was with no expectation of what was to come that they riveted their gaze on the hall. Half an hour slipped by in profound silence. Then a door opened and shut overhead, and footsteps were heard descending the staircase from the third floor. A moment later a tall, bearded man, in perfect evening attire, passed rapidly across the strip of hall and descended the stairs. He opened the street door and vanished from sight and sound.

Maxime Valadon rose and lighted a lamp. He noiselessly closed the door and turned to his visitors.

"Well, you saw him?" he inquired.

"You mean Stepan Sebranji?" exclaimed Vivian, in a tone of surprise. "Why, we are intimately acquainted with him. We did not know, however, that he lodged here."

Cranbrook looked puzzled. "That is true, Valadon," he said. "We have met Stepan Sebranji on many occasions. But what does this mystery mean?"

"You will hear presently," replied the detective. "You say that you are on intimate terms with this Stepan Sebranji. Does his appearance remind you of no one else?"

"He bears a strong and remarkable resemblance to Captain Vassily Armfeldt, if that is what you mean," replied Cranbrook.

"No; I know nothing of that," answered Valadon. "Think a moment. Does he not suggest the bearded assassin of the Samarkand Inn?"

Cranbrook started. "There is a resemblance," he answered. "I never dreamed of it before. It would be much stronger if Stepan Sebranji were to discard his glasses, allow his beard and hair to grow to their full length, and muffle himself in a huge cloak."

"Yes; you are right," exclaimed Vivian. "I can detect the likeness."

"But what do you mean, Valadon?" demanded Cranbrook. "My head is in a whirl. Surely there can be no connection between Stepan Sebranji and the assassin? Why, in that event Sebranji would be the man we are looking for—Count Nordhoff's enemy."

"He is," declared Valadon, in a triumphant voice. "It was Stepan Sebranji who stabbed the police spy at the Samarkand Inn—who assassinated Inspector Sumaroff—who sent Count Nordhoff and his intended wife to Siberia. Nor is that all. I have a still greater surprise for you. Stepan Sebranji is none other than the famous Terrorist, Paul Daresoff. That is all now. Return sharp at one. There is work for us to do."

At the hour named Cranbrook and Vivian were again with the detective. Presently they were joined by a short, stoutly built man of about fifty, who wore a dark green uniform and a closely cropped mustache.

"Captain Baranoff, messieurs," said the detective in an impressive whisper.

The police captain shook hands with Cranbrook and Vivian, and muttered a few words. Then he followed Valadon to the rear room, where they held a brief and secret conversation. They returned shortly and sat down just behind the others, to whom the detective handed a revolver apiece.

"It is always wise to be prepared," he whispered, "though I do not think it will be necessary to fire a single shot."

"Do not be too sure of that," muttered Captain Baranoff. "If this man is really Paul Daresoff he will fight with whatever he can lay his hands upon."

This closed the conversation. For more than an hour the four silent watchers sat within the darkened room, with their eyes fixed on the lighted strip of hall without. Stepan Sebranji's return was, of course, uncertain. He might arrive at any moment; he might not come until dawn.

About two o'clock a slight, creaking noise was heard toward the rear of the house. Valadon rose instantly, and closed the door. A moment later soft footsteps came along the hall and then receded. After five minutes Valadon opened the door several inches. As he stood there he heard distinctly the low sound of voices from the third floor. His companions also heard them. Presently the noise ceased, and all was silent.

"My friends, something is wrong," whispered Captain Baranoff. "Sebranji has entered the house by the rear way."

"It seems impossible," replied Valadon, "and yet two persons were surely talking on the third floor. It will be wise to go up. Come, let us start. First remove your shoes."

A moment later the little band crept down the hall in their stocking feet. They softly ascended the rear staircase, Valadon and Captain Baranoff in advance. At the top they found themselves opposite a partly open door.

Glancing into the room they saw

Alphonse sitting at a large table, under the glare of a lamp. He was clad only in shirt and trousers, and was writing feverishly. All around him were heaps of manuscript and open volumes.

Valadon made a gesture of silence and led his companions on. They turned an angle in the hall and saw Sebranji's door twenty feet ahead of them. A bright light shone through the crevices.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let us go back an hour. It wanted but a few minutes to one o'clock when Stepan Sebranji emerged from the portals of the Marine Club. He had been at the card table for hours and was the poorer for it by several hundred rubles. Usually he won, and this novel experience disgusted him. He halted on the marble steps to light a cigarette.

"My nerves must be unstrung tonight," he muttered, as he glanced up and down the deserted street, searching vainly for a drosky. "If I go elsewhere I shall lose more money. For once I will retire early."

As he descended to the pavement a slim young man darted forward and caught his arm. "At last," he cried. "I have sought you at four clubs, Monsieur Sebranji, and it was only chance that brought me here."

"Alphonse!" exclaimed the other, in a tone of great surprise, "what does this mean? What is wrong?"

The young Frenchman drew his companion under the shadow of a tree. "You will think me foolish, monsieur," he began stammeringly, "but—but I acted on the impulse of the moment. Tonight I overheard part of a conversation in Maxime Valadon's room. There was at least one stranger with him—possibly two—though I admitted none to the house. They mentioned your name often, and they spoke of the Imperial Bank and of a man named Karr. Possibly this Karr was one of the speakers. They also spoke of—of the police. I feared you might be in danger, monsieur. I came to warn you. That is all."

Sebranji turned as pale as the white glow of the electric lamp that swung above the club's portals. For a full minute he uttered no sound. Then he replied, in tones of forced calmness: "I thank you, Alphonse. You have done me a service. It is not that I am in danger, but I have enemies, you see, and it is possible that they are plotting against me. What was the situation when you left?"

"I am satisfied that the visitor had left the house," replied Alphonse. "Maxime Valadon's door was closed, and there was a light only in his bedroom. You understand, monsieur, that I did not dare to play the spy. What I overheard was accidental."

"Of course," answered Sebranji. "Come, I will accompany you home. We will go on foot. The fresh air will do me good. You have the keys to the rear entrance with you, Alphonse?"

"Yes, monsieur." He jingled something in his pocket.

They hastened along from street to street, and Sebranji kept a keen and constant lookout in all directions. "It is too soon to be alarmed," he reflected, "yet it is best to prepare for the worst. I understand the situation. That cursed cashier has made some discovery and rushed off to confide his suspicions to his old friend, the Frenchman. Possibly they are on the right clew, though it seems impossible. At all events I had better leave the city until I can get at the truth of the matter. I was a fool to continue my account at the Imperial Bank. Well, if it comes to the worst, I can slip across the Prussian frontier. My work in Russia is over, though I confess to a love for the Imperial City."

It was two o'clock when Sebranji and his companion entered the house by the yard gate and the rear door, both of which Alphonse locked behind him. They ascended the back staircase and paused on the second floor.

"One moment," whispered Alphonse. He slipped up the hall and

came quickly back. "All is dark in Maxime Valadon's apartments," he announced. "Doubtless he is sleeping soundly."

Sebranji breathed a sigh of relief as he mounted to the third floor.

"Alphonse," he whispered, "will you call me at eight o'clock. I shall probably leave the city for a few days by an early train. I will have some instructions for you in the morning."

"I will waken you in time," replied Alphonse. "Remember, monsieur, that in all things I am at your service. You have but to command me. I shall be awake for an hour yet. I have a chapter that must be completed before dawn. I shall work all the better for my breath of fresh air."

"You are a faithful friend, Alphonse," whispered Sebranji. "Some day I shall reward your services."

He passed along the hall and entered his apartments. He lighted a lamp in the sitting room, and after a moment or two of indecision he sat down at his desk.

"My mind is made up," he muttered. "I will go away for a few days, and Alphonse shall apprise me of what takes place in my absence. He is a faithful fellow and can be trusted. Moreover, I have no time in which to hunt up my trusty spies. Since I have severed my connection with them I do not even know where they could be found. The first thing is money. I will draw a check to the order of Alphonse. I dare not make it too large for fear of strengthening Karr's suspicions. Five thousand rubles will be a safe amount. Alphonse will send me the money. Fortunately I have enough in my pocket for present expenses."

He took a check book from a drawer and began to write hastily. As he attached his signature and clapped a blotter over it, the door leading to the hall was flung open suddenly and without warning.

Sebranji was sitting with his back to the door, and when he heard it open quickly and without a preliminary knock, he instantly concluded

that the intruder was Alphonse. Nevertheless he felt a vague thrill of alarm, for Alphonse was usually very ceremonious. But he did not turn around until he had finished drying the check with the blotter. Then he leisurely pushed his chair back and rose to his feet.

As he saw the four visitors standing just within the threshold of the room his face blanched and his arms dropped limply. He quickly recovered from the shock and took several steps forward.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," he said with perfect coolness and in a slightly ironical tone. "Be seated, gentlemen."

Maxime Valadon softly closed the door. "This is hardly a proper hour to pay a visit, Stepan Sebranji," he replied, "but our errand is urgent and must serve as an excuse. You are acquainted with Messieurs Cranbrook and Vivian? They are friends of Count Alexis Nordhoff."

"Yes; we have met frequently," answered Sebranji. "I regret that I never had the pleasure of knowing the unfortunate Count Nordhoff." Not a muscle moved as he spoke, nor did the slightest change pass over his face.

"Count Nordhoff was truly unfortunate," resumed Valadon. "More than that, he was innocent. He was the victim of a fiendish conspiracy. But pardon me; you also are acquainted with Captain Baranoff?"

"I have not that honor," replied Sebranji, in a suave and confident tone.

"Are you sure of that?" demanded the police captain, as he stepped close to the lamp and removed his hat. "Reflect a moment. Let your thoughts go back three years. Try to recall the circumstances under which we last met. To me it is all as fresh as though it happened but yesterday. *I have not forgotten you, Paul Daresoff.*"

*(To be continued.)*

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### LEONARDO DA VINCI'S TOMB AT AMBOISE.

IN fair Touraine—that fed the blood of kings  
 With blood of subjects,—as by fair hands  
 Wrought into forms of loveliness there stands  
 A chapel on the height whence Amboise springs,  
 Dark with old tragedies: —a fitting place  
 Nor one who for dear Art's sake could forego  
 The sun of Italy,—whose pencil show  
 Beauty in Christ's—and in Medusa's—face.  
 The wondrous "Supper" slowly crumbles now  
 On the far convent wall that gave it birth;  
 The color fades from Mona Lisa's brow,  
 And here lies Leonardo :—not on earth  
 But in God's hand, and in the human heart  
 He finds the true eternity of Art.

*John Hall Ingham.*

## A REMARKABLE ROYAL FAMILY.

*By Theodore Schwartz.*

SELDOM has there been a more notable gathering of crowned heads than that which assembled last year at the Amalienborg palace in the old city of Copenhagen. The occasion was a remarkable one. A golden wedding is always a touching and interesting event. Rarely indeed does it happen in a palace, and rarely does it crown such a romance—though theirs has been a purely domestic romance—as that of King Christian and Queen Louise of Denmark.

"Christian" has been one of the characteristic names of Danish history ever since it was borne by the Viking chieftain of Erald's ringing verse:

King Christian stood by lofty mast  
In mist and smoke;  
His sword was hammering so fast,  
Down went the foeman's hull and mast  
In mist and smoke!

The present Christian, the ninth of his name, was not born in direct line of succession to the throne he now occupies. He was a prince of the German duchies of Schleswig-Holstein, which up to 1864 formed a part of the Danish territory. He was an officer in the Danish army when in May, 1842, he married Princess Louise of Hesse, a niece of Christian VIII of Denmark. The young couple (they were both twenty four) had plenty of blue blood on either side, but an embarrassing lack of money, and the first twelve or fifteen years of their married life were years of something very much like downright poverty. At one time they lived in a little German village near Frankfurt; afterwards an apartment in the attics of the Copenhagen palace was assigned them. The princess mended the prince's clothes, and as their

children grew up the daughters stitched their own simple gowns. Each of the three girls had an allowance of ten dollars a month to supply her wardrobe. They could hardly have expected that one of them was to wear a dress that cost forty thousand dollars—as Dagmar did on the day of her coronation as Empress of All the Russias in the Kremlin at Moscow.

Frederick VII of Denmark was the last king of the old royal line. He had no heir, and the question of succession had become a burning one. It was finally settled by the selection of Prince Christian, with the consent of the Danish parliament and of the great powers of Europe; and in 1863, when Frederick died, Christian was duly installed as King of Denmark.

Not entirely without opposition, however. On the very day of his accession a German prince, Duke Frederick of Augustenburg, laid claim to Schleswig-Holstein, and aroused the bitter controversy that ended, on Denmark's refusal to surrender the duchies, in the declaration of war by Prussia and Austria. The resistance of the little northern kingdom was, of course, speedily overwhelmed by the armies of the two great German states, and she was forced to submit to the spoliation—for such it really was.

Since that brief campaign Christian's reign has been one of peace, though not wholly one of quietude. He is one of those sturdy conservatives, who, like Bismarck, cherish certain old fashioned ideas that are apt, in these days of popular democracy, to cause disagreements between monarchs and peoples. King Christian has had some tolerably warm disputes with his parliament; disputes



ALEXANDRA, PRINCESS OF WALES.

greatly tempered, however, by the personal esteem the Danes feel for him. He is known to be upright, earnest, and conscientious, a model in his private life, and a man of excellent heart even if his head be somewhat strong; and the political dissensions of his little kingdom have been mere family bickerings rather than portents of revolution.

The betrothal of Christian's eldest daughter, Alexandra, to the heir to the British throne was announced in the autumn of 1862, when the English prince and the Danish princess—duly chaperoned by the parents of both—were visiting the court of Brussels together. Their marriage took place in the fine old chapel at Windsor, in the following March, and they began their housekeeping at Frogmore, one of the lodges in the Windsor grounds. Their eldest son, the late Duke of Clarence, was born

there; their four living children in Marlborough House, the London palace that now divides their time with Sandringham, their country place in Norfolk.

Ever since she came to England, to be greeted with Tennyson's—

Sea Kings' daughter from over the sea,  
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,  
But all of us Dane in our welcome of  
thee—

the Princess of Wales has been very popular in her adopted country. She was then a remarkably handsome girl—rather tall and slender, and very graceful and *distinguée*; and even yet, though her silver wedding was celebrated five years ago, her beauty is remarkably well preserved. Queen Victoria's partial abdication of her social functions has cast upon her daughter in law's shoulders many of the duties that fall to the first lady of the court of St. James; and not-

withstanding a slight deafness, inherited from her mother, the princess's performance of all such



CHRISTIAN IX, KING OF DENMARK.

functions has been regarded as almost an ideal of grace, tact, and dignity.

Alexandra's sister Dagmar paralleled the more recent romance of Princess May of Teck. Almost immediately after her engagement to the Czarevitch Nicholas, eldest son and heir of Alexander II of Russia, her betrothed died. It is said that on his deathbed he expressed a wish that his brother should fill his place. At any rate, that is what happened. Three years after her father's accession to the Danish throne, Dagmar was married to the prince who is now Alexander III of Russia.

Dagmar shares the amiable qualities of her sister. At the Anitchkof palace in St. Petersburg, which was her home as crown princess of Russia, she used to entertain, every

Christmas, not only the children of the nobles, but a great gathering of the poor boys and girls of the capital on the Neva. As consort of a sovereign who is probably the wealthiest in Europe, and whose rule over a hundred million subjects is absolutely despotic, her home life at the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg, and at the Gatchina or the Peterhof in the country, has always been as domestic and unpretentious as she could make it. Alexander is a devoted husband and is seldom absent from his queen and her children. The eldest son, the Czarevitch Nicholas, is now a young man of twenty five, well educated, well traveled, and intelligent. Next comes the Grand Duchess Xenia, and then three younger children.

The only shadow on the married life of the Czarina was cast upon it by the terrible death of her father in law, twelve years ago. The ever present dread lest her husband might share his father's fate made the early years of his reign gloomy ones indeed; and not even yet has that dread wholly departed.

It is said that long ago, when Prince Christian was a landless and penniless aristocrat with a good sized family and no apparent prospects, a gypsy fortune teller told his three daughters that two of them would one day become empresses of mighty nations, and that the third would be a queen without a kingdom. The story sounds suspiciously like a fairy tale; but if such a prophecy was actually made it was a wonderfully good one, and only the coronation of the Princess of Wales is needed to complete its fulfillment. The "queen without a kingdom" is Thyra, the youngest sister, wife of the Duke of Cumberland, a German prince whose English title comes by descent from a

son of George III, and who would be King of Hanover if the Prussians had not forcibly annexed his father's dominions. The duke has at least the consolation of great private wealth, being worth, it is reported, some twenty five millions of dollars, although he has steadily refused to lower his dignity by accepting the "Guelph fund," offered as compensation for his lost throne. Thyra is said to have been her father's favorite child, and the fact that her marriage was less brilliant than her sisters', and has proved less happy, has been a great disappointment to him.

There is another throne that has fallen to a member of the family of Christian IX. In October, 1862, there was a sudden revolution in the little kingdom of Greece, and Otto, the German prince who had ruled it peaceably for thirty years, retired to his native country. He had no heir, and there was no claimant of the vacant throne. It was offered to the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Victoria's second son, but he declined it. So also did the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

It is said that the first suggestion of a Danish prince came from a French diplomat who was pensively turning over the pages of the *Almanach de Gotha*, the "blue book" of European royalty. He chanced upon the name of William, second son of the then Crown Prince Christian of Denmark, and at once saw in him the available candidate. France officially took up the proposal. England, whose heir apparent was betrothed to Prince William's sister, readily seconded it, and the Greeks were obliging enough to accept it with every evidence of enthusiasm. The British government, which had considered itself the especial protector of Greece, and had been holding the Ionian Islands, surrendered by Turkey, in trust for the young Hellenic kingdom, now turned them over as a coronation gift to the new king, who upon his accession took the Greek name of Giorgios (George).

The Danish prince's reign in the ancient capital of Pericles and of

Theseus has been decidedly successful. His rule has been scrupulously constitutional, and he is well liked by his people. He has seen Greece greatly enhanced in extent, population, and importance, and alliances with his family have been sought by the greatest houses of Europe. His queen was the Grand Duchess Olga, the Czar's first cousin. His son and heir, the Duke of Sparta, married Princess Sophie, the favorite sister of the German Kaiser; and his eldest daughter, Alexandra, is the wife of the Czar's brother.

Seven years ago, when the newly liberated state of Bulgaria was searching for a titular head, the somewhat dubious honor was offered to Waldemar, the youngest of the Danish princes, who declined to accept the proffered throne, preferring to remain in the less onerous if more obscure position of an admiral in his father's navy. Waldemar was married in 1885 to Princess Marie



FREDERICK, CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK.

of Orleans, daughter of the Duc de Chartres.

King Christian's eldest son, Frederick, will in the natural course of events ascend the throne as Frederick VIII upon his father's death.

is one of old fashioned simplicity. The king and the crown prince are men of democratic personal habits. They habitually walk through the streets unattended, or attended only by one or two of their great Danish



GEORGE, KING OF GREECE.

He is a man of fifty, whose wife, the Crown Princess Louise, a daughter of the late Charles XV of Sweden, has borne him nine children. Seven of these are living; the eldest, Prince Christian, heir presumptive to the crown, recently reached his majority, and like his uncle Waldemar is serving as a naval officer.

In the old age of the king and queen, the crown prince and his family take a leading part in the court life of Copenhagen. Etiquette there is rigid, but there is little attempt at ostentation. The crown princess is said to possess one of the finest collections of jewels in Europe, but they are very seldom in evidence. The ordinary daily life of the palace

boarhounds, and frequently stopping to acknowledge a passerby's greeting. It is a tradition in the family, as it is with the Hohenzollerns, that the young princes and princesses should be brought up with almost Spartan strictness.

"The Grandfather of Europe" is a title that has been bestowed on Christian IX. It is significant of the wide influence that lies in the hands of a monarch who is father of a King of Greece, an Empress of Russia, and a prospective Queen of England. That influence, it may be said in conclusion, has never been exerted for anything but the general peace and well being of the nations it affects.

## DERRINGFORTH.\*

*By Frank A. Munsey,*

Author of "A Tragedy of Errors," "On the Field of Honor," etc.

### XLIII.

DERRINGFORTH opened his eyes and looked about with a dazed expression. The fumes of ether were still strong in the room. The surgeon had just finished his work. Colonel Rayburn stood beside him, wearing an anxious look.

"Jack was going straight for the stake," said Derringforth. "I didn't want to win, but she would have been offended if I had given her the race. Something happened. I never was thrown before. They will think I don't know how to ride. She will laugh at me. Well, she won the race any way and I didn't pull Jack either. But I can't see why I was thrown. It wasn't the dog—no, it wasn't the dog. Something did happen."

There was a touch of pathos in his struggle, half conscious as he was, to account for his fall.

"It was not your fault," said Colonel Rayburn.

Derringforth looked up quickly. Reason began to assert itself.

"Not my fault?" he repeated eagerly.

"No, not your fault, but the fault of the saddle."

"The saddle?"

"Yes, the girth broke."

An expression of contentment came into Derringforth's eyes.

"I knew something happened," he said. "I couldn't believe that I was thrown like a novice." Then turning to the surgeon, he asked: "Is my leg really broken, doctor?"

"Yes, and it is a pretty good fracture; both bones broken just above the ankle."

That expression of contentment changed suddenly. Derringforth said nothing for a minute. He brought his hand up to his eyes. His brow was knit in thought.

"You will be as good as new again in a few weeks," continued the doctor in an encouraging tone.

"A few weeks?" repeated Derringforth.

"Yes, you could hardly expect the bones to heal in less time."

"Can I go back to New York with Colonel Rayburn?"

"Not for the world."

"But I must be there. It is imperative."

"Nothing is imperative with you now, young man, except to get back the use of your leg."

Derringforth raised his eyes to Colonel Rayburn in mute appeal.

"Don't worry about your affairs in New York," said the colonel. "I will look after your interests there for you, and the doctor and Mrs. Rayburn will look after your comfort here. Dorothy and Nellie will entertain you and the time of your imprisonment will slip by before you know it."

Forced to face the inevitable, Derringforth did it graciously. It was useless for him to think of his business affairs, or to worry about anything. There was nothing for him to do but content himself and let nature do the rest. The tension of his nerves relaxed and he found a sense of dreamy luxury in his enforced idleness. The days swept by. The past seemed a century away. He was in a new world, with new

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thoughts, new impulses, new realities.

But one day that past was brought vividly to his mind. The morning mail had just arrived. Dorothy ran quickly to Derringforth with the New York papers. She never tired of doing for his pleasure. Her coming always sent a smile of glad welcome to his face.

"You will make me wish these broken bones would never heal," he said, looking into her eyes as he reached his hand out for the papers.

"Oh you wicked man!" replied Dorothy, with a gesture of protest. "Just think what you have said."

"I have been thinking, and that is why I spoke as I did."

"Dreaming, I fancy. I must have wakened you when I came in. I am so sorry."

"Your fancy is wrong this time, though I must admit it is usually right."

"I don't know about that. I'm afraid it is very erratic."

"No, I don't think so. I have reason to remember the accuracy with which it hit the mark once, any way. You recollect what you said the morning before our race when we were standing on the veranda?"

"But I would have been wrong had there been no accident."

"Buts' don't go. You were in at the finish and I—well, you know where I was."

"That isn't fair to yourself, and besides you wanted me to win the race."

"I wanted you to win it?" exclaimed Derringforth, with a quick look of surprise.

"Now be honest; didn't you?" said Dorothy.

"Why in the world do you ask such a question?" returned Derringforth, a slight flush tinging his cheeks.

"Ah, you did, didn't you?" she laughed.

She said this in a way that made Derringforth feel like admitting almost anything, but he dodged the question nevertheless.

"I wonder if you will not charge

me with being thrown purposely, so that you would win the race?" he returned.

"Oh, no, you certainly would have resorted to some cleverer scheme had you dared to let me win."

"Had I dared to let you win? Why shouldn't I have dared to?"

"Because you were afraid of offending me."

A deeper shade passed over Derringforth's face. Dorothy laughed at his perplexity.

"You didn't know I could read your thoughts so perfectly," she said.

"Upon my soul I must stop thinking."

"Oh, don't do that. It is such fun for me to read your thoughts."

"I don't believe you can read them all."

"Haven't I given you convincing evidence of my powers?"

"You simply chanced the statement. But I haven't admitted that I didn't dare let you win."

"You might as well though—you know it is so."

"By what process of reasoning did you arrive at this conclusion?"

"Ah, don't you wish you knew?"

"Yes, won't you tell me?"

"Some time perhaps, if you will promise to be very good, and not wish any more such wicked wishes as you did just now."

"I'll promise, but really I did not wish that. I simply felt that there was more happiness here with a broken leg than anywhere else in perfect condition."

Dorothy's cheeks flushed now. The slight embarrassment only added to her beauty. Derringforth felt his heart beat faster. There was a minute's silence, broken by Nellie, who ran in to say that Mr. Vedder had just come, and that they were waiting for Dorothy to join them at tennis.

"Oh, has he come?" said Dorothy.

"I will be right out."

Nellie had already gone. There was a look in Dorothy's eyes as they met Derringforth's that seemed to say: "I would a thousand times rather stay here with you."

"I wish I could go out with you

and take a hand in the game," said Derringforth softly.

"Oh, I wish you could," returned Dorothy. There was infinite meaning in these words as she spoke them.

"I hope you will win," added Derringforth, after a moment's hesitation. His voice was hardly natural.

"Now you see the disadvantage of having a broken leg," said Dorothy, not heeding his last remark.

"Every phase and condition of life has its disadvantages as well as advantages."

"You are very patient."

"You credit me with a virtue that I fear I do not possess. It is my good fortune in being with such friends that contents me."

"I am sure you are not just to yourself."

"Oh, yes, I am. If I were in some places now, flat on my back, as I am here, I should simply rave against heaven and earth."

"Oh, you must not say that. I don't like to think of your raving against heaven. It is dreadful."

"Pardon me, little girl," returned Derringforth. "I am sorry my thoughtless words pain you."

This was the first time he had addressed her in so familiar a manner. He did not do it intentionally. He was sorry the minute the words were uttered, but he had no need to be. The slip of the tongue, although it brought a flush to Dorothy's face, seemed to add sweetness to the tone in which she said: "I really must go—they will not forgive me if I keep them waiting so long."

"Their loss is my gain," said Derringforth. "You see I am selfish in keeping you from them."

"I am the selfish one in keeping you from your papers," answered Dorothy, and before Derringforth had time to protest she was gone.

But Derringforth was in no mood for reading just now. He pushed the papers away from him and stretched his arms above his head and looked idly towards the ceiling.

"Is this all a dream?" he said to himself. "Is this home nothing but

a shadowy vision? Is Dorothy merely a delightful creation of fancy?"

He lay there and reflected for a long time over the events of the last ten days. They were startlingly dramatic. He could hardly bring himself to believe they were real, and yet was there not the pain of knitting bones as evidence of his accident? The scenes had changed swiftly. A single stroke and he was hurled from the eminence of the millionaire to the jagged rocks of bankruptcy.

But for this crash he might never have visited the Rayburns—might never have known the charm of Dorothy's smile—might never again have seen that sweet side of life to which his cynicism had blinded him.

"Does everything come by chance in this world," he reflected, "or is there something just beyond the range of vision that shapes our lives?"

When he had wearied of thinking, he turned to his papers. He looked over the market reports and read the meager news. He ran his eyes over the dramatic notes and carelessly scanned the social happenings. Suddenly he came across a name that sent a thrill through him. It was Marion's. He read eagerly:

"Burton Edwards, a young Californian, and Miss Kingsley, led the german," continued the item. "They were a strikingly handsome couple. Miss Kingsley never looked prettier. Her gown was a fine specimen of Parisian art."

This was the first intimation Derringforth had had that Marion was in America.

"She may have been at home for months for aught I know," he said to himself bitterly. "I should never have known of her return but for the newspapers. And Edwards! Edwards is with her."

A frown flashed to Derringforth's face.

"It is evident," he continued, with a curl of the lip, "that she keeps Edwards informed of her whereabouts."

This thought seemed to rankle

within him. The past came surging back with startling vividness. He tried to shut his eyes to it, but this time his will failed him.

## XLIV.

It was with a thrill of pleasure that Marian recognized Derringforth as the ferryboat and steamer drew close together. She quickly attracted his attention. Her face beamed with delight as she looked down into his.

He looked at her for a minute and then, with chilling indifference, turned away. It was a deliberate cut it seemed to her. She was deeply chagrined.

"It is all I could expect from him," she said to herself with flushed cheeks. "It is quite in keeping with his rudeness in not answering my letter or coming to see me before I sailed. I can't understand why he treats me so."

Her heart had glowed with sympathy for him a few moments before; now it was like ice. She declared indignantly that she would never give him a chance to snub her again.

"His action is simply inexcusable," she went on. "I don't know what his grievance is, but whatever it is he ought to have a little sense. I detest such stubbornness. He wasn't like this in the old days. The change in him is unaccountable. It is fortunate for me that mama took the stand she did. I would have had a delightful life if I had married him—a man with such a disposition. And I rebelled against mama's wishes. I never can thank her enough for her firmness."

Marian was justified in the feeling that swayed her, believing as she did that Derringforth recognized and deliberately cut her. The burst of indignation was natural. It was also feminine.

The steamer swung in to the pier. Marian's spirits were deeply depressed. She looked cautiously down upon those who had assembled to greet their returning friends, hardly expecting after her experience with Derringforth, to see a smile of wel-

come for her. But there was one and it was a smile that would have thrilled the heart of any girl.

The mingled look of surprise and delight that flashed to Marion's face repaid Burton Edwards a thousand fold for the traversing of a continent. The ardor of his love had not been dampened by a score of failures to win her hand. He and Derringforth were utterly unlike. Each was a good type of distinctly different temperaments. Edwards had always been able to discover some cause that had prevented him from securing her promise. He was satisfied that she was upon the point of giving it at a dozen different times, but something had always happened to prevent her from doing so.

Derringforth would not have deceived himself in this way. He would never have allowed his heart to blind his eyes. Little things, that meant nothing to Edwards, had a world of meaning for him. He saw in them a glimpse of purpose—a trend that Edwards could not detect. At one time it was a telegram that prevented Edwards from securing the prize, as he thought. At another it was Derringforth who stood between him and Marion. Later it was Richard Devonshire, then a duke, a lord, and a dozen other ardent European admirers.

"But with Marion in America it will be different," Edwards reasoned. "There is Derringforth, to be sure," he went on, "but why should I fear him?" He tried to persuade himself that he need not, but he was not altogether successful. He knew nothing of the present relations between Derringforth and Marion. He was satisfied that they were not engaged. Had they been she would not have permitted the attention she received in Europe. This was something tangible to which he could cling. But a feeling of uneasiness disturbed him, nevertheless. He had seen Derringforth but once. He knew very little of him. Marion had never talked of him. This fact, in itself, was significant to say the least.

The account of Derringforth's downfall was a startling piece of news to Edwards. A throb of sympathy went out from his heart towards his fallen rival.

His nature was too generous to rejoice in another's misfortune, and yet he was human. He could not help appreciating the situation.

"The gods are with me this time," he reflected. "The coast was never so clear before."

He was on the pier long before the steamer reached it. Marion's look of delight when she saw him there to welcome her home thrilled him with a delicious sense of happiness. He could hardly restrain the impulse to clasp her in his arms when he took her hand, but this was a liberty he dare not take.

Marion had said good by to her friends in Europe with deep reluctance. They had done everything for her pleasure. It had been one great holiday. She turned her face towards home with many misgivings. Burton Edwards was in California, and Derringforth—well, he was in New York, but would he come to see her? Her other friends were not to be counted upon—not that they had forgotten her, but time scatters with a ruthless hand. Some had married, death had claimed its share, others had left the city, and yet others had formed new ties.

Marion felt, therefore, that she would find no one to welcome her home. She had merely mentioned incidentally, in a letter to Burton Edwards, the day on which she should sail. That he should be the first to take her hand in friendly greeting on arriving in America never entered her mind.

She was standing by the rail as the ship neared her dock and was looking down upon the eager faces of those on the pier. Suddenly she caught a glimpse of Burton Edwards. She was startled for an instant. Then came a thrill of pleasure. It was a delightful surprise. For the moment, at least, he was immeasurably Derringforth's superior. If Edwards had planned everything to

his own liking, it could not have been more to his advantage.

#### XLV.

STANLEY VEDDER tried very hard to look pleasant when Dorothy joined him and Nellie on the tennis court, but he could not wholly disguise his feelings. He was anything but happy. Derringforth's presence at the Rayburns' had made him wretched. He had wished a thousand times that it had been his leg instead of Derringforth's that was broken. He had no special fondness for broken bones, but anything was preferable to having Derringforth in Dorothy's very home.

In a word, Vedder was in love with Dorothy. She had a certain fondness for him. Sometimes she fancied it was love. If it were, it was very mild. They had known each other a long time. There was no spontaneity in her admiration for him, if admiration it was. None knew this better than he. He would have rebelled and quit the chase long ago with any other girl who responded so indifferently to his suit. But Dorothy Rayburn was a prize. He dare not assume the independent tactics, and to remonstrate would, he feared, cut him off altogether. He chafed under this condition of things. At times, when he was alone, he gave full vent to his feelings. There was a bluish shade to the atmosphere on these occasions.

Vedder's family was good. That is to say, the average was good. There had been some members of it in past generations who went wrong, but there were others whose high standing and excellent attainments did much to atone for the shortcomings of their kinsmen.

Stanley's father had been one of the promising Vedders, but his career was cut short. He fell a martyr to the cause of the Confederacy. The Vedders had been people of large means up to the time of the war. They owned many slaves and had extensive investments in Virginia and other parts of the South. The

war swept away their fortunes. Stanley's mother had very little property left.

Captain Vedder and Colonel Rayburn grew up from boyhood together and together they entered the army. The one was taken; the other was spared. Colonel Rayburn felt that he owed a duty to the widow of his dead friend. He interested himself in her affairs and managed them so well that she was enabled to live comfortably and had the means to give her son a college education. But when she had done this, she had gone to the extent of her ability. His four years in college had cost vastly more than she expected. Her entire surplus, beyond the reserve necessary for a living, had been expended on him. She had given him the money cheerfully, believing that he was fitting himself for a career which would be the realization of that splendid future which his father had planned for himself.

Young Vedder learned during his college days the pleasures to be derived from the expenditure of money, and with a taste for these pleasures—a taste remarkable for its rapid development—he resolved to have money. A resolution of this sort costs nothing. It is easily made. The words trip lightly on the tongue. But the getting of money means something vastly different. Vedder had never earned a dollar in his life. He knew nothing about work, save that it was something to be avoided if possible. He seemed to know this intuitively.

But there are other ways of getting riches than by the sweat of the brow. A great many ingenious methods have been tried first and last with varying degrees of success, but that one which seems most in favor, with the present generation, is marriage. Occasionally a man who resorts to this plan discovers that he has made a woful miscalculation. The scheme is not without risks, notwithstanding its present popularity. Not infrequently the procurer of wealth by this means finds that the rate of interest he has to pay

is something astounding. But when the mortgage is once on a man it is rarely lifted except by death. It is supposed to be a life transaction. The terms of the contract run that way.

But now and again a man is lucky enough to love where the golden eagles lurk. This is rare to be sure, yet there are such cases. Vedder's was one of them.

He had been at home over four months now. His ostensible purpose in remaining there was study, while his actual purpose was that he might be in daily touch with Dorothy. There was, however, another cause for his not going away that had a good deal of weight with him—a cause that meant nothing more nor less than the making of his own living. Money getting was a problem to which he had given little thought. It bored him. There was a flavor of work about it that he detested. And, moreover, no opening had been presented to him. This was strange, to be sure, for was he not a college graduate and had he not won distinction on the field of sports? The fact remained, however—the cold, clammy fact, that no house as yet, had invited him to join its management. This much in justification of his idleness.

But Vedder's summer had not been wasted. He felt that he had made actual progress with Dorothy, but this progress had been won at a frightful cost of dignity. The necessity of smiling when he felt like swearing—the realization that he was the plaything of a girl's imperious fancy and that he dare not rebel—all this soured him.

Dorothy delighted in nothing so much as in teasing him. It is a trait in girls, that is quite universal, to torture the man who will submit to their teasing. Vedder cursed the fates that he was not rich, feeling that if he only had money he would snap his fingers defiantly in Dorothy's face. But now he must humiliate his soul and look pleased—look as if he enjoyed the pangs of jealousy and the many other annoying phases

of the situation; and all this that he might in the end marry Dorothy.

All went comparatively well with him, however, until September, when Nellie Bradwin arrived on the scene. Two girls together, if they, or either one of them be disposed to tease a man—and one or both are mighty apt to be—can torture him fifty times as badly as one alone. This may not be the exact proportion. The estimate, however, is under rather than over the correct figure. Nellie's presence, therefore, gave Dorothy a wider scope, but it was not until Derringforth's arrival that she had the opportunity to tease Vedder to her heart's content.

Nellie had been with Dorothy six weeks up to this time. She naturally saw a good deal of Vedder. He was more or less attentive to her at first on Dorothy's account, and later, on his own account. That is to say, he had undertaken to make her his ally in winning Dorothy. This was all very well so far as it went, but it fell short of satisfying Nellie's heart.

The tender passion had been aroused. She was in love—in love with Stanley Vedder. This complicated matters, and the complication was further intensified by Derringforth's sudden appearance on the scene.

Dorothy's heart bounded with a wicked little bound as she thought of the fun she could now have at Vedder's expense. "I ought to be very nice to Mr. Derringforth any way," she said to herself in justification of her attention to him. "He is papa's guest, and I should certainly try to make it just as pleasant for him as I can."

"You are breaking Stanley's heart, Dorothy, by flirting so with Mr. Derringforth," said Nellie.

"How absurd you are," replied Dorothy. "I am not flirting."

"What do you think Stanley would call it?"

"Oh, well, he gets jealous so easily, you know."

"And that is just why you delight in teasing him. But suppose you

were to get Mr. Derringforth in love with you?"

"What nonsense you talk, Nellie."

"I am not so sure it is nonsense."

"Why Mr. Derringforth will only be here a day or two. When he gets back to New York he will forget that he ever knew me. And this is such an opportunity for teasing Stanley—he is so absurd."

To sum up the situation then, at the end of Derringforth's first day at the Rayburns', it must be recorded that there was every evidence of a well ordered flirtation already begun between him and Dorothy. But a flirtation with the daughter of Colonel Rayburn is the last thing Derringforth would have dreamed of. He had deluded himself with the idea that he was done with girls forever. There was a certain negative contentment in his soul that he did not wish to be disturbed. He had had an experience that satisfied him. He prided himself on the feeling that he knew when he had had enough. He was out and he proposed to stay out. But he had been at the Rayburns' a few hours only when he found a certain delight in Dorothy's presence, that he could not get from books or sports or business. Why shouldn't his heart have responded to a girl so sweet? He was yet in the early twenties. His soul had been starved for two years. It was in part a self imposed starvation. He had steadfastly refused to meet girls, but now that he had been entrapped, as it were, into the presence of one, and such an one, he could no longer choke back all feeling of sentiment. It bounded up in his heart and for the first time in many months, contended with his will for the mastery—that will that had ruled with an iron hand.

Derringforth's reserve receded and a light came into his eyes that had not shone there for many months. Dorothy's smile was food for his half famished soul. He had no thought of flirting with her; he had no thought of love. He simply relaxed his stern vigilance and allowed him-

self to live once more; allowed his heart to drink deep of the joys that God intended for man and provided for him in the creation of woman. Dorothy's presence satisfied a longing that had cried out within his soul for many and many a day—a longing that had been starved into subordination but not unto death. A strong, vigorous nature like that of Derringforth's cannot be converted into cold indifference simply by force of will. It may be saddened and quieted by sorrow or by some dreadful shock, but the fires of youth cannot be quenched by these. Time and illness and death alone extinguish them.

What appeared, therefore, to be a flirtation on Derringforth's part was in fact no flirtation at all. He was never more serious. But with Dorothy it was quite different. Her motive has already been revealed. Beyond the desire to make herself agreeable to her father's guest, her aim was simply to tease Vedder, who foolishly permitted himself to be teased. She was not flirting then. She was acting a part and acting it so cleverly that no canons of good taste were outraged.

Derringforth of course was ignorant of her motive. He appreciated her attention. It pleased him—delighted him. Then came the race, the fall and the broken leg. Everything was changed in a twinkling. Dorothy thought no more about teasing just then. She blamed herself for Derringforth's accident. The thought of her responsibility sobered her. She was very sorry for what she had done—was very sorry for Derringforth. It made her heart ache to see him suffer and she did everything possible for his comfort and pleasure by way of atonement. The attention that she gave him before his accident was continued, but in quite a different spirit. She sang and played for him by the hour, and in one way and another made herself indispensable to his happiness.

She had no thought of love in connection with Derringforth. Whatever she did for him was prompted

by pure kindness and by the desire to make amends in so far as possible for the wrong she felt she had done him. He did not hold her responsible for his accident and hadn't the remotest idea that she blamed herself for it. She felt like a culprit in his presence and was almost impelled at times to confess what would have opened Derringforth's eyes and quickened the old cynicism into new life. But the confession was not made. Day by day she began to fill a larger place in his heart. On one pretext and another he managed to keep her with him more and more as the time flew by.

Vedder saw this and was desperately depressed. He was ignorant of Dorothy's secret motive in her devoted attention to Derringforth. He could put but one construction upon it, and that construction was torture to him. And Dorothy, moreover, was very serious now. The old spirit of teasing seemed to have left her. Vedder cursed the hour that brought Derringforth to the Rayburns'. One night he made an engagement to play tennis the following morning with Dorothy and Nellie. He was promptly on hand at the time named. Nellie was on the veranda reading. They had chatted together for a little while when he asked where Dorothy was.

"I think she took the papers in to Mr. Derringforth," answered Nellie.

Vedder's face darkened. Neither spoke for a little while. Finally he drew out his watch and looked at the time. His fingers trembled perceptibly. Nellie's heart ached for him. She loved him and it hurt her to see him suffer, even though he had no thought for her. Her position was a trying one. She had undertaken to help him with Dorothy. It tortured her to do so, but she proved herself a loyal and tactful diplomat.

When it became apparent that Dorothy had forgotten her engagement for tennis, Nellie ran to Derringforth's room to remind her of it and to say that Vedder was waiting for her.

It has been stated in a previous

chapter how Dorothy lingered with Derringforth notwithstanding the fact that Vedder and Nellie were waiting for her to join them. Vedder was annoyed at finding Dorothy with Derringforth on his arrival; he was angry now that she remained with him after being informed that he had come.

It is not surprising that he did feel like smashing things. Most men would have felt as he did; few would have stopped short of open rebellion. But Vedder had submitted so long to Dorothy's indifference that his spirit had lost its snap. It was flabby. He made the effort to look pleased. It was a fizzile.

Dorothy saw, understood and did a little reflecting. The game went on perfuntorily. Dorothy found herself thinking of Derringforth's words and then of Derringforth himself. Girl as she was she could see that there was a world of difference between him and Vedder. Derringforth commanded her respect. She had no desire to tease him as she had teased Vedder. The thought of such a thing almost frightened her. She read him intuitively and she read him well. It is interesting to note the effect of different natures upon a person. No two have precisely the same influence; no two awaken the same desires and impulses. One man will bring out the sweetest and best that there is in a woman; another will make her a shrew. Certain types of character in man and woman—in man and wife, make a perfect whole.

The tension was wearing on Vedder. He felt that he was losing ground. Dorothy seemed to be drifting further and further away from him. He would gladly have submitted to her teasing now. That was infinitely preferable to neglect. There was no intentional neglect, however, on Dorothy's part. It was merely comparative. With the time she gave to Derringforth it could not be otherwise. She was not conscious of any change in her feelings for Vedder, and yet there was a shading of disgust in her heart at his jeal-

ousy. Once or twice she made up her mind to tell him how foolish he was acting, but there never happened to be a good chance to do so. The shadow on his face deepened, and that shading in her heart became bolder.

One day Vedder came to take Nellie to drive. This was a change of tactics merely, but to her it was heaven. It was the first time he had ever shown her such attention. She bounded into the carriage with a very light heart. Her cheeks were flushed with a happiness she could not wholly disguise, and yet neither Vedder nor Dorothy understood her. She had almost refused his invitation rather than mention the matter to Dorothy. It would have been a cruel self denial had she done so. She was one of those delicate fibered girls who would never put herself forward. She would silently endure the pangs of martyrdom rather than come between two hearts, though her own were breaking.

Dorothy came out on the veranda and chatted gayly with Vedder. He was annoyed. His scheme evidently had not produced the effect on her he had hoped for. His aim was to awaken a sense of jealousy in her heart. If she felt at all cut up she certainly disguised her feelings well. But she was quite capable of doing this. None knew it better than Vedder.

Dorothy watched the carriage disappear around a bend in the road and then she went in and drummed on the piano. Her mind was not on her playing. She was thinking—wondering why Vedder had slighted her. She had expressed delight when Nellie told her of the invitation. She was sincere in what she said. But that was then. Now, she fancied that she would feel a little bit better if she had had a chance to refuse the invitation. It was not that she cared about the drive. Vedder's ruse was not wholly without effect, but she was bound that he should never know it.

"I don't know why I should care one way or the other," she said to

herself. "He hasn't been at all nice to me lately."

Her playing was very erratic. At times it revealed almost a gloomy frame of mind. The notes reached Derringforth's ear. He listened and wondered. That it was Dorothy's touch there could be no doubt. What had happened to produce this depression? He puzzled his brain for an answer. Presently the music ceased altogether.

Dorothy had gone into the library. She picked up a partially finished book and began reading. The theme was that one which is ever fresh. Love never fails to awaken a sympathetic response in the human heart. Poets have sung of it; novelists have written of it, and the millions of the earth, since man was man, have been swayed by it, and yet it is as new and sweet and all absorbing as when it first thrilled the hearts of Adam and Eve.

Dorothy was soon lost in the story. She was nearing the end. The author was realistic. Page after page teemed with sentiment. The heroine was so sweet, so refined and so fair withal that Dorothy was fascinated with her. The hero was not unlike Derringforth. Dorothy saw this. Her eyes flew over the printed words, gaining momentum as they slid from line to line. The scene gained in intensity. The book trembled in Dorothy's hands. Her face was white. It was a supreme moment. The climax was reached suddenly. Two hearts beat as one. The story was finished. The end came abruptly.

Dorothy longed for more. Her soul was attuned to love. To start another book now would be like falling from heaven to earth. She could not do it, and yet she must do something. She went out on the veranda and looked down the winding roadway to see Vedder and Nellie. They were not in sight. She walked up and down the piazza and gazed off towards the mountains in the distance. The reflection from the soft, fleecy clouds that hovered over them was very beautiful. The November

sun sent its slanting rays across the valley. The varying shadows, shading into a deep, dark background on the hillsides presented an attractive picture. But these did not satisfy Dorothy. She was not in the mood to enjoy inanimate nature.

She thought of Derringforth. An almost irresistible impulse possessed her to go to him, and yet she hesitated. What excuse did she have for disturbing him? He might be sleeping. She thought of a dozen good reasons why she should keep away from him, and then—well, it was scarcely a minute later and she was beside him.

"I have been wishing you would come," said Derringforth, his face brightening.

"Are you very sure of that?" she replied, with a look of half doubting inquiry.

"Certainly I am—you should know that."

"I was afraid you wouldn't wish to be bothered by me."

"It was your absence that bothered me. I have been actually blue."

"I can't imagine you in that state of mind. You always seem to be in such good spirits."

"Neither could I have imagined until today that you ever fell into a gloomy mood."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Dorothy, her cheeks flushing.

"Tell me all about it. You have made me anxious."

Dorothy became just a little confused. Derringforth smiled at her embarrassment. "I am actually curious now," he went on.

"Why do you assume that I was gloomy?" asked Dorothy.

"Won't you sit down? I don't want to lose you now that you are here. Don't you see how I have brightened up since you came in?"

"You are evading my question," said Dorothy. Derringforth's words had begun to satisfy the longing that had impelled her to come to him. The shadows of depression had vanished from her face. She had the faculty of always being graceful, no matter what her atti-

tude. Her head rested on the high back of the chair. It was inclined slightly to one side. Her position was easy and picturesque. She was just far enough away from Derringforth so that he could see her to the best effect. The open door leading into the sitting room was a little to her left. The soft light sifted in through the blinds and was reflected towards her. Derringforth's eyes told of his admiration. The expression was unmistakable. There was intoxication for her in that look.

"Why do I assume that you were gloomy?" said Derringforth. "I didn't assume it; I knew it."

"You knew it?"

"Yes, this is the time I read your thoughts, you see," laughed Derringforth.

Dorothy looked puzzled. "Won't you tell me how you read them?"

"Yes, if you will tell me how you read mine regarding that race—you know you promised to do so."

"You are driving a sharp bargain, but I suppose I shall have to tell you," answered Dorothy, and she repeated what Derringforth had said while coming out from under the influence of ether.

"Upon my soul this is taking an unfair advantage of me," declared Derringforth; "to etherize me and then hold me responsible for utterances made while in that condition."

"But you practically admitted that what you said was true."

"How did you learn what I did say?"

"Papa told me."

"I shall have to have a reckoning with your father when I see him. He should not place me so at your mercy."

"Have I been very hard with you?" There was mischief in Dorothy's eyes.

"Very hard," answered Derringforth with assumed seriousness. "I have never been so completely ruled as by Miss Rayburn."

"I'll tell you what it is, if you won't call me Miss Rayburn any more I will be just as nice to you as I can be."

"What shall I call you, then?"

"What is the matter with Dorothy?"

"I shouldn't dare call you that."

"Why not?"

"What would your mother say?"

"I will tell her that I asked you to call me Dorothy."

"Are you serious?"

"Certainly. Miss Rayburn—why, it is so formal—makes us seem like strangers."

"You would rather not think of me as a stranger?" queried Derringforth, looking steadily into Dorothy's eyes.

Her cheeks burned crimson. "I couldn't quite think of you in that way," she answered.

"Not when I have gone back to New York?"

"Would a separation of a few hundred miles make you think of me only as a stranger or perhaps forget me altogether?" she asked by way of answer to his question.

"I could never forget you, Dorothy," he said; "could never think of you as a stranger."

His words were deep with meaning. There could be no doubt of his sincerity. This was the first time he had ever called her Dorothy. The effect was magical on her. Her heart thrilled with a sensation quite new to her.

Her eyes were cast downward as she said: "I am very glad you have concluded to call me Dorothy."

"Did I call you that?" replied Derringforth. "I was thinking of you, not your name."

"But you will continue to call me that?"

"Yes, on one condition."

"And what is that?"

"On the condition that you call me Phil."

"Oh, but that wouldn't do."

"You call Mr. Vedder by his Christian name."

"But I have known him all my life."

"And that you think makes a difference?"

"Yes, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Then why impose such a condition?"

"Because it seems to me I should not call you Dorothy unless you are equally familiar with me."

"I think there is a difference. You are older than I; then, too, you are a man—a city man, and are accustomed to formality."

"I am accustomed to being called Phil. All my friends address me in that way. Your father calls me Phil."

"Yes, I noticed that he did, and wondered how he came to know you so well. Would you rather I should call you Phil."

"I should, indeed. It would make me feel entirely at home."

"I shall accept your condition, then. Papa said we must make you feel at home. This lodges the responsibility with him, you see. But do you know you haven't kept your side of the agreement yet—I mean about the reading of my thoughts. I believe you changed the subject purposely."

"Positively I did not. We drifted away from it," answered Derringforth. Then he explained about the piano playing and his interpretation of the same.

"I shall not allow you to hear me play any more," said Dorothy.

"That would be cruel," returned Derringforth, looking hurt.

"I can't help it. I'm not going to have you interpret my moods."

"I might not always do so. But today it was so plain I couldn't help it. Won't you tell me what made you so gloomy?"

"I wasn't exactly gloomy. I didn't pay any attention to what I was doing. I was simply drumming away and thinking what I should do to kill time. Nellie had just gone to drive."

This admission set Derringforth thinking. What was there in connection with Nellie's drive that should make Dorothy gloomy, he asked himself? He did not divulge his thoughts.

"I wish I were in shape to take a drive," he said.

"How I wish you were," replied Dorothy, with her usual enthusiasm.

"Would you go with me?"

"Certainly I would. Won't you please hurry and get well so that we can take some of the lovely drives about here before the roads get muddy?"

"The thought is extremely tempting," answered Derringforth, "but you know if I were able to go driving I should be able to be in New York."

"But you wouldn't have to go right away."

"It would be criminal in me to remain away from my office longer than is absolutely necessary. I am sure you know something of my failure."

"It was too bad, and you had made such a fortune. But papa says you will come out all right. He has great faith in you, Phil."

Derringforth felt a choky sensation in his throat. He tried to speak. His eyes moistened. There was something in the way she spoke—in the look that accompanied her words—in the name "Phil" as it left her lips, that affected him for the moment. Kindness always did affect him.

The conversation finally drifted back to Nellie. "I suppose she went with Mr. Vedder," remarked Derringforth.

"Why do you suppose that?" observed Dorothy quickly.

"Oh, it was merely a fancy," answered Derringforth indifferently.

"No, you can't put me off that way."

Derringforth laughed at Dorothy's persistence.

"Now just tell me your reason," she continued.

"What sort of a reason would you like? If I must manufacture one I want it to suit you."

"Well, then you might say it is because you think Stanley and Nellie are in love with each other."

"How did you know I thought that?" returned Derringforth, surprised.

"Oh, it was merely a fancy."

"Well, I am certainly convinced of one thing."

"And that is?"

"And that is that it is not safe for me to think any more. I am sure I have not said anything that should have led to such an inference."

"But don't you know," laughed Dorothy, "that men have a way of looking what they think?"

"Some men may."

"And you fancy that you are an exception?"

"I did entertain that notion, for a fact, but I think my conceit is weakening."

"That is delightful—anything but a conceited man. But tell me seriously what led you to think Nellie and Stanley were in love?"

"I got the idea the first day I came," returned Derringforth, and then he proceeded to tell her of his impressions during that first afternoon's ride.

Dorothy burst forth into a merry peal of laughter. "This is awfully funny," she said.

Derringforth actually blushed. "I can't quite see where the fun comes in," he rejoined.

"The joke is that you should think you were making Stanley unhappy by riding with Nellie."

"It is evident that I was mistaken."

"Why surely you were."

"They are not in love with each other then?"

"No, not the least little bit."

"I must acknowledge that I read people very badly. I have been deluding myself all this time. But tell me one thing," continued Derringforth. "How was it that Vedder came to change from you to Miss Bradwin when we began the descent of the hill?"

"I think you and I started off together," answered Dorothy, her cheeks flushing. Derringforth's eyes were very keen. Dorothy's heightened color meant something to him.

"Now you are evading my question," he said. The flush on her face deepened. "In a word," he continued, "wasn't the stop a mere ruse

of Vedder's to get back with Miss Bradwin?"

"You are very uncomplimentary to me," said Dorothy, with an injured air. "Did you find me so dull that you would have liked to desert me?"

"Indeed I did not. I was delighted with the change and have been congratulating myself ever since on my good luck. But I'm not going to let you off in this way. You have not answered my question."

"Oh that is so, but you ask so many questions—are all New York men as curious?"

"This won't do," returned Derringforth. "I shall assume that your answer is in the affirmative."

"You must not assume anything of the kind, and besides it would not be correct."

"It would not be correct?"

"No."

"Then the ruse was yours."

"Mine?" exclaimed Dorothy in a manner that was intended to mislead.

"I can't figure it out in any other way."

"Think of what that means, and it was only just now that you told me your conceit was leaving you."

"I admit the charge," laughed Derringforth. "I would be willing to admit almost anything, I am so delighted at the discovery I have made."

Dorothy's protestations were ineffectual. Derringforth had got at the truth and she could not blind his eyes.

"You might as well admit it," he said. "It was very sweet in you. I shall bless you all the years of my life for the pleasure of that afternoon."

"You wouldn't have had this broken leg though but for that."

"And but for this broken leg I should never have known you as I do now."

"I am afraid that is a very poor compensation," answered Dorothy.

"On the contrary, it is a priceless compensation. You have been a revelation to me. I had become very cynical before meeting you, and see-

ing the sweet home life I have found here. I am beginning to believe that the loss of my fortune was a blessing in disguise. I might never have known you otherwise."

Dorothy looked up, a soft light in her eyes. "Do you think God directs our lives?" she asked.

"I hardly know what answer to make you," returned Derringforth thoughtfully. "If this question had been put to me a few weeks ago," he went on slowly, "I should have shaken my head and turned away. I had drifted into that state of pessimism and cynicism where I had little faith in anybody or anything. But since I have been down here I have had a chance to think, and I have seen life as I never expected to see it again. There is a sweetness and beauty in it that reawakens my old faith—the faith of my mother. She brought me up to think as she did, but the selfishness and indifference and dishonesty and cruelty of the world as I have found it, blinded my eyes. The thought has come to me many times, since lying here on my back, that God may have been leading me from the darkness into the light. His ways are not always plain to us."

Dorothy had listened with deep interest. "I have blamed myself for your accident," she said, "but it may be that it was a part of God's plan. If you had gone back to New York with papa you would not have done this thinking."

"Neither would I have continued to breathe the atmosphere of a home in its perfection. This has done more towards bringing me back to my senses than all the sermons of a decade could have done. It is a very easy thing for men, and especially men in a great city, to drift into cynicism. They run up against cold, stubborn facts now and again that stagger them. I have had to grapple with such facts myself."

"I thought it was only old men who have suffered disappointments and have been buffeted about, who become cynical," replied Dorothy.

"The calendar does not measure

a man accurately," answered Derringforth. "Some men at twenty are older in all that goes to make up life than others at a hundred."

"But your life can't have been so very hard," rejoined Dorothy. "Just think of all the money you have made, and you are so young!"

Here was Derringforth's opportunity to tell Dorothy of the affair that had very nearly ruined his life. The words were almost on his tongue. He hesitated. "Not just now," something whispered. The impulse was gone. He could not bring himself to the point again. It were well for him had he told her.

The rumble of wheels was heard.

"Stanley and Nellie are coming," said Dorothy, "I must run down and meet them." She got up to go. Derringforth put out his hand and took hers.

"I wish you were not going, Dorothy," he said. "Must you go?" he added, looking into her eyes. His tones were those of love. Her hand was white and soft. He pressed it to his lips. The temptation was more than he could resist. If the penalty had been death he would have done the same.

It was a moment of delirium for both Dorothy and himself. Her heart was too full to protest. She flew from him—almost literally flew. Her soul was lighter than the air. She was in her own room. The impress of his lips was still upon her hand. Each throb of her heart was intoxication—delicious, ecstatic intoxication.

A creak of the stairs warned her of some one's approach. She shot a hurried glance at the mirror. Her cheeks were ablaze. The door opened and Nellie came in. Dorothy tried to appear natural, but the effort was a failure. Nellie's quick eye interpreted well. The revelation was not wholly a surprise. She generously spared Dorothy further embarrassment.

"We had the most delightful drive," she said, apparently unaware of anything unusual in Dorothy's manner.

"I am very glad," answered Dorothy, eagerly seizing this opportunity of escape.

Nellie had read Dorothy during the past weeks better than Dorothy had interpreted herself. She had seen from day to day unmistakable evidence of growing interest in Derringforth. She had tried to discourage this tendency, both as Vedder's ally and because she herself did not admire Derringforth. Vedder's antipathy for him had influenced her. By numerous suggestions and innuendoes he had poisoned her mind against him. This feeling was slight at first, but it had developed, under the tutelage of Vedder, into positive dislike—a dislike which had within the last hour become contempt. The discovery, therefore, she had made since returning from her drive, filled her with anxiety for Dorothy.

Nellie was glad she was there so that she might undertake the rescue of her cousin from a man not worthy of her love. Derringforth had suddenly become very black in Nellie's eyes. This change of complexion was due to information she had gained during her drive with Vedder. They had been out but a little while when it became apparent to her that he had something of unusual importance on his mind. He began by making an incidental reference to Derringforth.

"It will not be much longer that we shall be obliged to have him with us," said Nellie, speaking as if his departure would be a welcome relief.

"It will be a fortunate day for all concerned when he is gone," returned Vedder. There was something in the way he said this that meant even more than his words.

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Nellie quickly.

"There are times," replied Vedder significantly, "when it is not quite wise to repeat all one knows."

"I hope you have no reason to distrust me," said Nellie, looking slightly hurt.

"On the contrary," returned Vedder, "I have every reason to trust you, but this matter bearing on Der-

ringforth is one that I don't like to be mixed up in. I regret the possession of information that has come to me. To be sure, I was in a way instrumental in getting it. I merely mentioned Derringforth's name incidentally in a letter to a friend in New York, asking, as one naturally would, if he knew him, or something of the sort. I don't remember my exact words. The reply from my friend is one that I little expected, I assure you, and, as I said, I wish I were not in possession of the facts he sent me. My interest in the Rayburns, as you know, would naturally lead me to protect them from evil associations. But this is an exceptional case. Mr. Rayburn himself brought Derringforth into his home, and he naturally feels under obligations to him on account of the accident. Of course, when he invited Derringforth to spend a day or two with him, he did not foresee this accident and accordingly did not dream of a prolonged stay. But what could he do other than permit Derringforth to remain in his home under the circumstances?

"It was a case of necessity—of humanity and Mr. Rayburn, as you know, is one of the most generous of men. My position is an extremely delicate one. I would do anything in reason for the Rayburns; no one knows this better than you do. You can readily understand then my feeling—my dread of touching a matter of this kind. Of course, if I had received no letter from my friend, I should be ignorant of Derringforth's true character, but now I realize my responsibility to the Rayburns and to you. I don't know what to do though. I know what I ought to do, but I shrink from doing it. I can't bring myself to the point of mixing up in a disagreeable matter like this."

By the time Vedder had finished this speech Nellie was wrought up to a point of intense anxiety. She implored him to confide in her and finally declared that she would not allow herself to remain in the same house with Derringforth another

night unless she knew just the kind of man he was.

This pressure—this extreme pressure, made Vedder yield much against his will.

That portion of the letter bearing on Derringforth ran as follows:

Do I know anything of a man named Phil Derringforth? Yes, I know of him. His name is rather familiar to New Yorkers just now. He recently failed for something like two million dollars. How strange that you should have been thrown in with him, and how infernally odd that he should be laid up down there in Virginia with a broken leg just at this time. Is it a genuine break? It is hinted in the Street that it is not—that it is a sharp dodge to enable him to keep away from New York for the present. It might be a little stormy for him here now. This is the idea expressed by one of our customers—a Mr. Burrock. I happened to remember seeing Derringforth in our office one day with Burrock, and it occurred to me that he could give me some facts about Derringforth that might interest you. I accordingly invited Burrock out to luncheon with me today. He was quite free to express himself about Derringforth. In a word he evidently has a very poor opinion of him.

He claims that all the money Derringforth ever made was made on his advice. He says that Derringforth is simply a plunger. Finally he went back over Derringforth's history and told a most romantic story of a desperate love affair that came near killing him. It was this, I gleaned from Burrock, that drove him into the reckless ways that have characterized his career in the Street. Burrock thinks this affair turned his head and ruined him. He has no social position, so far as I can learn. When I asked about his moral standing Burrock smiled suggestively. This will give you a sort of outline sketch of Mr. Derringforth, and with these facts before you, you can answer the question yourself as to whether he is the sort of man you should know. I have thought it better to tell you what I could learn of him, rather than assume the responsibility of advising you. It is not necessary for me to add that he is not an acquaintance of mine.

This letter was written by a college chum of Vedder's, Minton Varnum, who had entered his father's office soon after graduation. Varnum & Company were stock brokers. Burrock had recently begun dealing with them. They were also Van Stump's brokers and it was through him that Burrock went to them.

This letter from young Varnum, contained nothing very serious

against Derringforth. It would not have appeared so to the normal mind, but Nellie's mind was not normal as regarded Derringforth. It was in that state that she was prepared to believe anything about him so long as it was against him. Vedder had seemed to regard the disclosure with horror. She readily fell into his way of looking at it. The situation appeared very grave. What was to be done—what should she do? This problem engrossed both her attention and Vedder's throughout the remainder of the drive. She came home deeply troubled. A disagreeable duty devolved upon her. She realized the delicacy with which she must discharge it.

Nellie remained with Dorothy but a few moments and then went into her own room. Dorothy was left alone with her thoughts. She was glad to be left alone. The presence even of Nellie grated on her nerves. It was the first awakening of genuine love in her soul. It was a revelation; it was life. The feeling was as unlike that which she had had for Vedder as the soft air of June is unlike the chill winds of December. She was too happy to think connectedly. The world had suddenly taken on a new beauty. The atmosphere was sweet scented. It was buoyant and exhilarating.

She went to her window and looked out across the valley and off to the mountains beyond. The sun had sunk behind them. They were in deep shadow. Dusk was hovering over all. The mist was rising from the low lands. It was the same scene Dorothy had looked upon an hour before, but now darkened by approaching night. There was little in it then to awaken a sense of pleasure in her heart, but now it was radiant with beauty. Its transformation had been complete.

The light of day faded. The landscape was shut out. She still stood by the window, peering into the gloom. But it was not gloom to her eyes, for she was not alone. Derringforth was with her, and his presence illuminated all the world.

She dressed for dinner; she dressed for Derringforth. Nellie was in the parlor reading when Dorothy came in. She glanced up from her book; the book fell from her hands. The fairest flower of the Old Dominion was before her. One look, and her arms were about Dorothy. It was an outburst of admiration.

Now more than ever Nellie dreaded the task she had undertaken to perform.

"It is cruel to disturb such happiness," she reflected. "I haven't the heart to do it. If I had only known a day sooner it would have been different, but now—"

The sentence remained unfinished. She shrank even from the thought of what was before her.

Mrs. Rayburn was ignorant of the

happiness that added so much to Dorothy's beauty. There was a light in her eyes, an elan in her manner that her mother had never seen there before.

When the dinner was over Nellie drew Dorothy aside. She began in a roundabout way to approach the subject of Derringforth's blackness. Vedder would despise her if she weakened. This thought urged her on, but the fate of Dorothy, if she were allowed to remain in ignorance of Derringforth's character, was her chief incentive.

Finally the critical point was reached. The color had faded from Dorothy's face. Her suspicion that something dreadful was coming had been aroused. The letter was placed in her hand.

*(To be continued.)*

## HER COUNTERFEIT.

### I.

SHE looks down from her oval frame,  
As once I saw her look,  
When trembling to her side I came,  
And read from out this book,  
Wherein I now am setting down  
Some lines that she may see  
And read, and smile perhaps, or frown  
When she remembers me.

### II.

She was my muse, I used to think,  
When first I ran to rhyme;  
With her in mind, a quart of ink  
Would last but little time.  
And when I got this photograph  
My brain had such a whirl,  
Said I, contentedly, "That's half;  
Next time I get the girl!"

### III.

Dear girls! I'm very fond of them,  
As this will clearly show;  
And *she*—she was a little gem,  
For all she answered "No."  
We loved and parted none the worse,  
Our hearts not hurt a bit;  
And I continue to make verse  
Upon her counterfeit.

*Paul Mederst.*

# THE FIRST FAMILIES.\*

*By Richard Mace.*

## X.

REG looked, and it seemed to him that woman was fickle and woman was vain. Two or three of the men of the night before had managed to meet Baylor and be introduced to his wife, and Mary was strolling slowly home from her morning bath attended by no less than three, counting Poncet.

"That must be the Mrs. Baylor they were telling me about. Isn't her husband one of our numerous connections? She is exactly the person to help with those theatricals. I want to ask you to introduce us."

Mrs. Courtney cleared her throat, "I cannot say that I consider Mrs. Baylor an acquaintance. Nor—" but Reg stepped in. "I know her very well, Mrs. Stanley. I should be glad to introduce you."

Our boy was getting independent. Mrs. Stanley rose quickly to get out of the impending storm, and Reg followed her. Mary saw them coming, and the faces they had left behind. If she had had any doubt before, she knew now, that it was to be war between her and Mrs. Courtney. She held out her hand smilingly to Reg.

There was a calm dignity in Reg's face which set well upon his rather rugged and manly features and frame.

After all, stubbornness, if not one of the virtues, grows among them usually, and is taken, and justly, as the outcropping of a strong character. It is one of the qualities to which we all give homage, men and women alike. A mamby pamby man serves his fellows all his days, but the stubborn man is likely to blaze his own

way and have followers, whether the way is comfortable or not. Reg was only an inexperienced youth, but he had in a measure been forced into contact with Mrs. Baylor and he was enjoying his acquaintance with her as he had never enjoyed anything in his not too gayly colored life.

He took her hand now with every sign of pleasure in seeing her again, and stepping to one side said: "Allow me to introduce you to my cousin, Mrs. Stanley, who has expressed a wish to know you, Mrs. Baylor."

Mrs. Stanley's face was smiles and her hand was out. The men about Mrs. Baylor had withdrawn into the background; Poncet's eyes were on the horizon.

"I fancy we might find that we were relatives, too," Mrs. Stanley said. Mrs. Courtney gave a sort of gasp. This was going it. But Mrs. Stanley was not a woman to do things by halves. When she started out she took her largest ammunition along with her. She never made the sorry mistake of patronizing the people she wanted anything from, nor the one as equally serious of giving them the impression that she was trying to get something to her own advantage. There is a surface honesty of speech which appeals to all of us, and Mrs. Stanley was a past mistress in its art.

"I believe I am related to half the people in the South, and I suppose the Baylors are likely to be in my line of kin. Any way, Mrs. Baylor, I hope you have Southern feeling enough to help me out—kin or no kin, with a little project of mine."

The cordial face and hearty hand were too much for Mary. It was

\* This story began in the July number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

what she had hoped might come to her in the home she was going to, and it warmed her heart.

"I hardly know what I can do," she said, smiling back, "but it shall be what I can."

"We are going to try to get up an entertainment for the Shop Girls' Seaside Home. We want to give a little play, just some sparkling little comedy. Say for two." And she looked at Reg and then back to Mary. "Half an Hour Under an Umbrella," or 'A Morning Ride,' or something of that sort. Don't you think you could help me?"

"I'm sure—" began Mary, and then a little cloud came over the brilliant, mobile face; the thought of Richard and what he would say. He hated any reference to her stage life. He never had said so—she could not remember that he had ever said so, but she felt it. The bored expression that was habitual to his quiet, fair face was accented when the old days were mentioned. To Mary the thought of again feeling the pulse of an audience was like the strongest stimulant. To born actors is given the vibrant quality to sway with the hearts of the people. They are like delicate instruments through which the breath of the general thought is blown. A great, a real actor, would rather be a barn stormer than no actor at all.

But all this she had left to become Richard Baylor's wife, and first and foremost he was always in her heart.

"I must first ask my husband what his plans are," she went on very prettily. It seemed so pretty and so good that Mrs. Courtney rather resented it. She was not anxious that Reg should see anything which she herself would admire in Mrs. Baylor. Everything was going away from Mrs. Courtney's road any way. There was a dryness in her throat and a burning in her breast which was virtuous indignation. That this creature should be encouraged!

"Your husband, of course," Mrs. Stanley said. "But husbands are easily managed. I fancy you will not have much difficulty."

Mary smiled a vague little smile and went up stairs with a promise to send Mrs. Stanley a note later in the day.

"The idea of that pretty woman not managing her husband!" Mrs. Stanley said laughing, as she turned back.

"Manage him! Of course." Mrs. Courtney's voice was full of scorn. "Didn't she manage him into marrying her? Pardon me, Helen," and there was a decided chill in the tones, "but I think you are making a great, a serious mistake in giving Richard Baylor's wife so prominent a place in your entertainment. He is a man who is by no means in good odor—a regular black sheep, in fact; a man who has made a precarious living about newspaper offices, and his wife has been an actress."

"An actress? Has she really? If that isn't fortunate!"

Mrs. Stanley's eyes were bright.

"Why didn't you tell me that in the beginning? She must select her own play."

Mrs. Courtney retired into offended silence. She did not even say that Ellenbro' would certainly not receive Mrs. Baylor. The events of the last few hours had settled that in her mind once and forever.

Mary went slowly up the wide, uncarpeted steps of the summer hotel. She knew that her husband was lying on the lounge in their parlor with a brandy and soda at his elbow, and a pile of newspapers and a new book or two adjacent. It is a little habit which Mary has kept all through these years to run over to her husband when she comes in and let him know that she is there, if it is only by a little squeeze of his arm. It is an attention that he takes, as he does everything else in life, with good natured indifference. But she does not go at once now. She steps to the mirror and takes her hatpins out carefully, one by one, and ruffles up her bangs, watching his face as she does it.

If he had only arisen and come over to her with that little caress, Mary's heart would have been full,

But she does not expect it of him, and his eyes never leave his paper. He knows that she will be perched somewhere about the sofa in a minute or two, and he can wait. There is none of the impatience of life about Richard Baylor.

"I met a lady from the South just now. She said you might be a cousin of hers. She was a Mrs. Stanley."

"Did you?" Mr. Baylor says indifferently. "Was she nice?"

"Yes, she was. She is getting up a charity entertainment for something. I didn't listen to the cause. I think it was something about shop girls—and she wants me—she has asked me—to take part—to act."

Mr. Baylor hardly moves his paper.

"And are you going to do it?"

"I told her I would ask you."

"Oh, do as you like."

If Mr. Baylor could see in the glass he would note a little tear start from Mary's long lashes and go down her cheek, but his paper holds him again. Mary does not go to his side. She walks over to the desk by one of her windows and writes a little note. After it is finished she sits facing out upon the sea, a pensive look upon her face, a face that was not made for pensive looks, but for gayety and smiles. Baylor looks up and sees the unfamiliar shadow. It does not please him to see shadows anywhere. The sun must shine in his world.

"What are you going to play and where is it to be?" he asks.

"I—" There is confusion and then a light in her face. "I have just written to decline. I—thought you wouldn't care to have me."

"By all means," Baylor says with conviction. He isn't particularly anxious to recall to the world, and it will be recalling it to all their new world if Mary takes this part while the Courtneys are here, that his wife was taken from the stage door. But in his heart Baylor cares little for the world beyond his own immediate surroundings. He has married his wife without considering his world.

and now she—and himself—shall not be made unhappy by any such tardy consideration.

"Do you truly mean it? Oh, Dick, you *darling!*" and she rushes over to him and puts her young arms about his neck and her fresh, fair, smooth cheek to his rather worn one, worn a little more today than it was yesterday.

"I see no reason why you should not accept Mrs. Stanley's invitation. It will probably be a stupid event, as events go, but you like to meet new people, and you like—to act. Yes, I should say accept by all means."

Mary took the note she had written and dramatically tore it to bits. Mrs. Courtney would have said that it was another sign of her shiftless breeding that the scraps of paper went floating over the carpet and were allowed to remain there.

"Dick—boy, you are a darling!" and she danced back to the desk and wrote Mrs. Stanley an enthusiastic note of acceptance, a note which caused that lady to lift up a sigh of relief that so much burden was off her mind.

It was late afternoon in the Stanley cottage, and almost everybody—everybody of the few people that one cared to know in Atlantic City—was asleep, tired out after the morning bath and the glare of the sun on the sands, lulled by the ceaseless call of the breakers, resting for the evening again. But Mrs. Stanley was too busy to rest. She was going to entertain the Honorable Jacob Leland at dinner, and her staff of servants down here was not of the quantity or quality to permit rest. She had seen to the deviling of her own crabs and to the decoration of the elegantly simple dinner table. Her husband had been asleep on the cool Chinese rattan lounge in the corner of the veranda, with its comfortable padding of linen cushions, but he awakened when his wife came out, followed by the maid with a tray of seltzer lemonade. He leaned lazily over, took his glass and sipped of the contents.

"My dear, don't you think a bit of claret would improve this?"

"I don't know. You might try it. I am in a peck of trouble. Positively I do not know how to act."

With her hair pinned tightly into the little rings which are to be soft curls about her face tonight, and with those lines of weariness, care and thought upon her face, Mrs. Stanley looks the forty years.

"That's something new for you. What's the trouble? Can I help you?"

"I don't know. You might. *Must* I have wine or not, on the table for Mr. Leland?"

"You can't serve dinner without wine."

"Now don't be silly," Mrs. Stanley said with impatience. "Any one would think you were not an American and had not eaten dozens of dinners without wine. I know he is interested, or is supposed to be interested, in all sorts of societies for the benefit of his fellow beings. He presides at temperance meetings, sits alongside Miss Willard and Lady Henry Somerset, and all that sort of thing, but what I want to know is, does it go as far as his own personal habits in the matter. Public theories are so different from private practice," and having delivered herself of this aphorism, Mrs. Stanley heaves a deep, deep sigh at the shortcomings of humanity.

"You've been out to dinners where he was, and where they had wine."

"Yes, big functions, different from this. Why didn't I notice whether he drank his or not?" And there is serious lament at this shortsightedness in her usually keen and observant vision. The cool sea air blows against the colonel's face. He sips his lemonade and is content. His wife can manage.

The maid comes back in a moment bearing Mrs. Baylor's note on her tray, and then Mrs. Stanley's face clears a trifle. She looks at the note for a moment, and then she says: "Do you know I have the greatest possible notion to ask that

little Mrs. Baylor and her husband up here to dine tonight. She evidently amuses every man she sees, and the Honorable Jacob sadly needs amusing. There is actually nobody in this place to ask. I could put it on the grounds that, as she has accepted the invitation to act, maybe she will run in to dinner and talk the thing over. It mightn't do with some people, but it would with her—with them."

"Why don't you ask the Courtneys?"

There is scorn in the wifely eye. "Ask the Courtneys! Do you think I am crazy? Do I want to be bored to death and bore Leland? That old grenadier and her bread and butter piece of missishness? I wouldn't mind asking the boy. Why can't I? I could ask the boy and the Baylors and say it was all on account of the play—an opportunity to talk it over."

"Are you going to launch Mrs. Baylor socially?" There is no anxiety in the colonel's tone. He is simply asking for information. If his wife wants to launch Mrs. Baylor socially, she has some good and excellent reason for doing so. It is no possible concern of his.

"Well, no. I shall probably never see her again after we leave here. I am entertaining her professionally—everybody will so understand it. And it's little I care what they understand." The secret of Mrs. Stanley's success lies in the fact that she goes her own sweet and usually tactful way, acknowledging no superior social officer. Her own position is unimpeachable, and people usually seem to have a good time at anything she engineers. Popularity comes to all who can make other people find themselves amused.

And then the colonel arises in his wicker chair, which creaks under his ponderous weight. The colonel is a handsome man, big, broad shouldered, with thick gray hair and short cropped mustache, and a perpetual cigar. His shoulders are broad, with a muscular slope, and his clothes always fit him. Mrs. Stanley is glad

he isn't any cleverer than he is. She looks at him and thanks heaven she married him and not somebody else. She has looked in the years she has lived in Washington, at the clever men whose coats did not fit and who were continually upon a nervous tension, and exults in her own good fortune in not marrying a man like that. But for all that, the colonel has some opinions which his wife, with a fine understanding of what a fair exchange means, never combats.

"Nellie, my dear, how about Baylor? I've no doubt his wife is a jolly little woman, but Baylor now. I'm awfully afraid he would go against the Honorable Jacob a trifle more than a glass of claret."

"There is nothing wrong with Richard Baylor. He is clever and can be amusing. They say he gambles a little, but so do many other people. His name is enough to guarantee him sufficient respectability to be asked to dinner, provided he hasn't done anything disgraceful. His greatest crime seems to have been his marriage. And since it is his wife we want to ask, I can't see how we can leave him out on that account."

"All right. Ask 'em," and the colonel lay down again.

And thus it happens, that around Mrs. Stanley's brightly lighted dinner table sit the Honorable Jacob, drinking his claret and champagne with the same air of not knowing what he is doing with which he eats his soup and breaks his bread; Mr. and Mrs. Baylor, and Reg. It isn't often that Mrs. Stanley pays another woman the compliment of being her single feminine companion at a dinner table, but she has rightly judged that Mary would be quite equal to the occasion. Men in however great numbers have no terrors for Mrs. Baylor, and awe of a great position she knows not. One man is very much like another in her eyes, always excepting her husband.

To Mrs. Stanley's surprise she finds Richard Baylor delightful. He can talk and he does talk remarkably well. He looks well at the table.

There is an air of exquisite gentleness about him, the finish of the true cosmopolitan. She looks from him to the Honorable Jacob, of the people most distinctly, heavy featured, clumsy, almost oily; and then in a gradually ascending scale to honest, big, ruddy Reginald; and then to her own husband. She decides reluctantly that some people might find the delicate, sensitive, rather worn beauty of Richard Baylor's face fuller of character and fascination than her husband's. She thinks, too, as Poncet has done the day before, that it is not exactly the sort of face to hold a young woman like Mary Baylor. She notes her animated talk with Reg, and his evident delight in the sound of her voice, and she wonders what is going to be the result of their living side by side down in that stupid little town of Ellenbro'.

It is not only Reg who listens to Mary with a pleased countenance. Colonel Stanley has decided that she is altogether a gay, jolly little woman, and the Honorable Jacob has dragged out every old story that he has ever heard and has thought he had forgotten, led on and on by that sparkle in Mary's eyes. She looks like a girl of eighteen, with her hair parted in the middle and brushed back from her smooth, childish brow. Her gown is a soft white mull, drawn up about her neck with a little lace ruffle, falling just below her smooth, well padded collar bones, and fastened at the waist with a white ribbon. It is a gown that her own hands manufactured from hem to tucker, and few grown women could wear, but it just suits Mary, who is the embodiment of girlishness. Her attitude toward her husband is that of a young girl toward her lover, instead of the commonplace, natural attitude of a wife.

The Honorable Jacob has expressed his entire approval of the project of the theatricals.

"We have not decided upon a play as yet. We are going to leave that to Mrs. Baylor's experience," Mrs. Stanley says.

"But I know nothing of amateur plays—" Mary begins. Mrs. Stanley's husband looks at her. He never interferes, easy as it would be for him to change the subject, by a quick question. Nor does Mrs. Stanley. She desires it understood that she is entertaining Mrs. Baylor professionally.

"What sort do you know about?" the ponderous Jacob asks, with an almost playful smile. He is thinking that you can tell a country girl wherever you see her. This combination of beauty and simplicity could only have come from Ellenbro'. He knows Ellenbro'. He has a railroad and a big farm and a place where he goes to hunt down in that part of the country.

"Oh, the real ones. I was an actress, or educated for an actress, before I married."

Mr. Leland looks at her hard, and then he says: "Did you like it? It's a hard life, isn't it?"

"Oh, I suppose, to people who have been brought up differently, but to me— Oh, when I hear people saying it is a hard life, I always think of that poor old French actress, who when she was dying confessed to the priest. When he gave her absolution, he said: 'My poor daughter! What a miserable life yours has been!' And she began to cry, saying, 'What happy times those were when I was so miserable! I am like that about my acting.' She has forgotten everything; has forgotten that her husband does not like to hear of those old days, and her eyes are bright.

"An honest little woman, by Jove!" the big colonel thinks.

The Honorable Jacob looks at her and smiles, while Richard Baylor idly twists his wine glass round and round, and Reg's face flushes a little.

There isn't much learned talk. Usually when the Honorable Mr. Leland goes out to dinner the subjects are ponderous. He thinks, as he says good by to his hostess, that he never has had so pleasant an evening, and he tells her so. She sees in his eyes that she may ask him to

dinner in Washington in the fall; that they are going to be friends, and she thanks Mrs. Baylor, and makes up her mind that while they are down here, and these theatricals are going on, and there will be no consequences to follow, she will be extra civil to her.

The colonel and Mr. Baylor linger in the veranda with their cigars.

"You are not going to smoke, my young cousin," Mrs. Stanley says. It is time for everybody to go home, but Richard Baylor and Mary are so unaccustomed to civilized ways that it seems early in the evening to them, and the example of the great man no precedent for any course of conduct. "You and Mrs. Baylor are going to talk about a play. What *shall* it be? It must be something short and pretty." Mary has been thinking.

"I know a play," she says, "that I think we might get. It was written for a 'curtain raiser' by a young artist I know, and has only been played once to a houseful of critics. They were enthusiastic in its praise. It is short, and there are only four characters. It is a sea-shore play, too." A dreamy look came into her eyes. "It is a very lovely, touching little story," she added quietly.

"What is it like? What are the characters?" Mrs. Stanley was looking at her, wondering why she had not been clever enough to go on with her stage career. There was where she belonged. There was where she fitted in. That was the life for her.

"It is called 'Alice.' It opens on a lighthouse during a storm, or just after a storm. A boat containing a beautiful young woman has been dashed ashore, and she is taken up by the light keeper, cared for by his old mother and his sweetheart. The light keeper falls in love with her. She is a stranger from another world to him, a thing to be worshiped; a gentle, tender thing to be cared for. To the woman—to Alice—this simple place is a haven of rest. She wants to stay there forever, but she

sees that she has brought discord into the house, and she goes, first telling them her sad story."

"And that?"

"Oh, you must read the play. I cannot tell it. Telling stories is not my gift."

"I should think it might be," Mrs. Stanley says warmly.

She has been sitting on the piano stool, her bare, round white arm laid along the ivory keys, which look old and yellow beside the pink life of her flesh. There is a lamp with a red shade behind her dark head. Reg leans over the end of the piano, never knowing, poor boy, how much he is showing in his face.

Mrs. Stanley is thinking.

"Who could do the other characters? Are they difficult?"

"Which are the others?"

"Of course you will do *Alice* and Mr. Courtney, my young cousin Reginald here will be the light keeper."

Mary nods approvingly. She can see Reg as the *Nat* of the play already. She looks at him judicially. There is no possible self consciousness in her. She sees only the possible actor. Reg would hardly be flattered could he know that as she looks at him she sees his dress changed to the rough clothing of the young light keeper, and that she is thinking that he will look the part, and after all, for such an entertainment as this, that is the principal thing. Amateurs are not expected to act by any one except their nearest friends, and they are always supposed by them to have succeeded. To Mary's mind, educated professionally, the amateur is very funny, but she is too politely tactful to say so. And she herself has been away from it all so long that she feels doubtful of her own powers.

"The character of the mother of the light keeper is a beautiful one. A plain, sweet tempered simple and yet wise woman. A character that deserves careful study. I should like to try that myself."

"But you are to be *Alice*. I wonder—" Mrs. Stanley put her teeth

upon her lower lip and let her eyes gaze into vacancy, while she thought. "M—m—I'll send for her tomorrow. I think I know some one who could do that part."

"Your cousin could play the sweetheart," Mary says, looking at Reg. His face has been burning a little with excitement all the evening. There is a look in his eyes and an expression about his mouth that is new born. It is incipient intoxication, caused by a stimulant more insidious than alcohol. At the mention of Edyth the color goes deeper.

"My cousin has had no experience," He wonders if Mary is trying to bring Edyth into the play through any motive of revenge, and then as he looks into her candid, interested eyes, he shames himself for the thought. There is no lack of generosity here. And here, too, he begins to have a glimmering sense, there is something beside personalities considered. Here is the mind which sees a person at his true value in any position, irrespective of likes and dislikes.

"I should be glad to coach her. Unless—" she looks at Mrs. Stanley, "there is some one else."

Mrs. Stanley is glad to placate Mrs. Courtney by the suggestion of bringing Edyth into the play. She judges at once, that the part is small and insignificant or Mrs. Baylor would not have suggested her for it. And so it is settled.

Baylor and his wife and Reg go home along the deserted board walk. The moon is making its most gorgeous glittering pathway across the sea. The solemnity of the night is over them all. Baylor is thinking that Colonel Stanley is a good fellow, and with half humorous consciousness of his own shortcomings, is telling himself that that is the sort of man he ought to associate with. It would be wholesome, but something of a bore.

Mary is dreaming of "Alice." As she looks at the sea, she shudders at its loneliness to one tossed adrift out there in an open boat, all alone.

She involuntarily grasps her husband's arm a little tighter. He looks down into her face and smiles at the wistful expression with which it is turned up to his. If Reginald were not there he would kiss her, but making a sentimental scene is out of the question. It is Mary who would do a thing like that. He presses her hand on his sleeve a little closer.

As for Reg, Reg does not know why, but he is happy.

Mrs. Stanley stands before the mirror in her bedroom and takes the hairpins out of her hair, and carefully places in its box that portion of it which she keeps for daily wear.

"I tell you," she says to her husband, as she draws the brush over her locks, "that woman is making the greatest mistake. What restless, silly things women are any way. Here are society women, breaking their necks and the hearts of their families to go on the stage and make indifferent actresses, and here is a woman born and brought up in the life, loving it as she loves nothing else, breaking her own heart to get into a society that is too stupid for anybody to stand. We are all like Bluebeard's wives, pounding ever at the one locked door."

## XI.

"You ought to know perfectly well that I will not allow Edyth to act in a public hotel with that woman!" Mrs. Courtney feels vicious. "Of course they cannot get along without her, and I knew that Helen Stanley would see that she could not."

Reginald has little sense of humor and he has so fine an appreciation of Edyth's good qualities that his mother's remark fell upon what would seem to be ears unappreciative of the merits of the situation. Mrs. Stanley would think so.

"The suggestion—" Reginald was going to say that the suggestion came from Mrs. Baylor, but he thought better of that and took his coffee instead. The play had come, brought down by its owner, who was

just starting away on his summer holiday when Mrs. Baylor's note reached him; and who, with the easy adjustment of the artistic temperament, changed his plans in half an hour and came to Atlantic City instead. He was not at all anxious that his play should be produced by amateurs, but he was fond of Mrs. Baylor and ready to be good natured, and as she herself was to personify the character over which he had labored, and which he loved, he was ready to hand it over to her. He was an aggressive looking young man, with keen blue eyes, covered by glasses, the rimless, stringless variety which look as though they had grown on the face. His hair was parted exactly in the middle above his rather pale forehead, with not a hair awry, and his mustache was cut straight across, as though an end might disgrace its owner by curling. It was an alert, firm personality, the very last that would be expected to hold poetic fancies, tender fancies. And yet "Alice" seemed to have been dug out of a woman's heart.

Mrs. Stanley forgot Mrs. Baylor's description of the play as he was introduced to her, and gave her hand an unconventional grip and expected a comedy. She had brought along the young lady who had been sent for to take the part of the mother. She had been vaguely chosen because she had taken parts in amateur plays and because she was so young and blooming that she could not possibly be offended or regard it as other than a lark to personate an old woman. She looked at Reg with eyes that were a little inclined toward audacity when Mrs. Stanley mentioned that he was to be her son. The rather affected manliness of her dress was accented by her manner. One expected her to take off her hat when she came into the room. There was none of the solemnity which the masculine girl usually bears about with her, as though she felt it her duty to uphold the dignity of her adopted sex. She was rather like a jolly boy. When Mr. Covert, the

playwriting artist, was introduced to her as "Miss Marshall, the young lady who is to play the mother," he screwed up his near sighted eyes without any attempt to disguise his disgust.

"Don't you think I kin play with yore doll rags?" she asked with a Yankee drawl that might have come from down East.

His face cleared at once. "You can talk it any way," he said. "But how in the mischief are you going to look it?"

"I'll attend to that. But say, isn't Mrs. Baylor simply gorgeous?"

"That's what she is! You just ought to hear her recite. I wouldn't let this play be acted by anybody else for this sort of thing. I've worked too hard over it, but everything she does to it will make it 'takier.' She's great!"

Notwithstanding Mrs. Courtney's protests, Edyth had come with Reg to this morning's reading of the play. She felt that she could not let Reg get as far away from her as he would seem by going into this work and play without her. She was a little stiff and cold, and the merry chatter of talk about the hotel parlor, where they had gathered, left her isolated. She had nothing to say. The talk of her little world was personal and local. This was personal, but it was not local. The reason the talk of people who travel about and live in a large world, seems so much wider, is because it covers more area. Essentially there is little difference; the habit of thought is practically the same. Cultivation is often only the knowledge to talk about more things.

Mrs. Stanley pounded on the edge of the piano with the stick of her lorgnette.

"We have met here this morning to read a play which we are going to produce here in the hotel for the benefit of the Seaside Home for Shop Girls. The proprietor has kindly offered us the use of the dining room and will arrange a stage and accessories."

"You'll need a kitchen scene," the author of the play announced; "a

cook stove, and all that sort of thing."

"No, we won't," Mrs. Stanley replied. "We are going to pretend that the acting is in the sitting room. We can put shells and things from the board walk stores about the room."

"Pretend!" And the author sniffed.

"Never mind," Mary whispered. "I'll see that it's all right."

"Mrs. Baylor will read the play."

It was a charming, pathetic little story, and Mary's voice was modulated to each turn of expression.

"My!" said the girl who had been cast for the mother. "I don't know but it would be a better showing to have Mrs. Baylor take all the parts. I'm awfully glad I came down. I'll learn a lot from her. Who is she any way?"

"She was educated for an actress," Covert said, as though he were telling that she was the daughter of a king.

"Oh." The Philadelphia young woman, notwithstanding her masculine independence and free and easy manners, looked a bit uneasy. "I thought Mrs. Stanley said she belonged to one of the old Southern families."

"Her husband does, and precious little good it does him. She is nothing of the sort."

"I thought," but the Philadelphia young lady did not tell what she thought. She relapsed into silence.

As the reading went on and on, Edyth's face took on a deeper and a deeper color. She was not, as Mrs. Stanley imagined, overcome by the impossibility of taking creditably the part assigned her, but she was stiff with self consciousness as she saw how it mirrored her own jealousy in the country girl who daily saw her lover going farther and farther from her in his admiration for the beautiful stranger. The suspicions of the girl in the play, which were afterward verified by Alice's sad story, brought into being ugly ideas in Edyth's own mind; ideas which she was honest enough to try

and put away from her. She looked at Reg. His eyes were upon Mary's face. He was lost in the story, lost in the tones of her voice, and a pang went to Edyth's heart. He was hers, but only as this other girl's lover had been hers.

The story ended, and there were exclamations all over the room. Two or three ladies, who were to assist at the entertainment, had come in, and there was a soft clapping of hands. Mary's face was flushed, too. It all sounded so kind. She knew applause, but this was different. She felt that perhaps after all she was going to like these kind people who belonged to her husband's old life. Dolly was to be brought up in all this. She felt grateful and happy. She forgave Mrs. Courtney—and she turned away from congratulations and plans and went over to the window where Edyth sat in overdressed loneliness.

"Good morning," she said with light hearted gayety. "Don't you think that as we are all here in the hotel, it would be a good idea to study our parts together? I think you will do *Bessie* capitally."

Edyth turned about with a face that was almost rigid.

"It is impossible for me to take any part in the play."

Mrs. Stanley was just behind. "What *gaucherie!*" she said to herself. "That poor girl might have been brought up with the cows for all the sense she has." Sense to Mrs. Stanley meant social tact.

Mary was chilled for an instant, and then it looked a little amusing. She turned away. Reg followed her and never knew when Edyth went up stairs. The part of *Bessie* was taken by a young girl in the family where Miss Marshall was visiting. She was not "out" yet, her mother said, but it was Atlantic City, where everything was pardonable except being there—and the cause was a charity. She was good natured, and like most people found Mrs. Stanley's pleadings irresistible. All along that lady had thought Edyth too homely for the part.

"It wants a pretty girl. One cannot forgive an ugly girl for a mistake."

They rehearsed all day long. The play was to be produced in five days, and there were costumes to be prepared. People about the hotel talked of nothing else, and they looked upon those who had come since the arrangements were made as decidedly new people, who had no real part in the festivities.

Reg lived in a regular fever. There was stiffness and discomfort in his mother's rooms, but he had an excellent excuse for being there as little as possible. Often he dined or lunched, and once even breakfasted, when they were going to have an early rehearsal and had all gathered there, at Mrs. Baylor's table. Twice Mrs. Courtney had announced that they would leave the next day, but as there was no response from Reg, she had moved her flitting on again. One night, coming in late, he had found Edyth just coming out of their common parlor into her own room and his heart smote him. There was no ill temper in her face, but it looked unhappy.

"Whither away?" he said lightly and putting his arm about her shoulders drew her back into the parlor. Reg felt gay. There was about the sunshine, the sky, the earth, a new glory. He had thrown himself heart and soul into the production of the little play. He laughed at the squabbles of Covert and Miss Marshall, and he had a brotherly feeling for the very young and very pretty girl who had taken the part of *Bessie*, and who had to be constantly restrained as to costume. Her idea of the dress of a country lass was a gay wash silk gown and a lace and ribbon apron.

The days ran by and the eventful night came at last. A back stairway used by the servants was given over to the actors. Mrs. Baylor is in her room putting on the yachting dress which is to be her costume; the dress in which *Alice's* husband had turned heradrift in an open boat upon the sea, as a punishment for loving another

man. She has her long hair down and is carefully dipping the ends of the strands into toilet water to give it the look of just emerging from the briny deep, when there is a knock at her door. She thinks it is her husband and calls out "*Entrez*," but the knock is repeated. She goes to the door and throws it open, and sees Reginald Courtney standing there in his light keeper's costume.

The corduroy, the flannel shirt open at the neck, the sou'wester hat, all suit his manly figure and rugged face. Mary forgets her frillery of dressing sacque and her hair on her shoulders, and looks at him admiringly.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he says in confusion. "I thought—this was your parlor door. How could I have made such a mistake?"

"It's of no consequence. You'll have to come in here any way to be made up. Dick and Dolly are playing in here on the lounge. Come along in." And in he goes.

All over the dressing table are strewn bottles of cosmetic and sticks of grease paint in confusion. Everything is in disorder, but it is a perfumery, pretty disarray. Baylor half rises from his romp with the baby to greet Reg as he sits down to be manipulated, and then returns to the frolic with the child.

"Turn your face away from the glass," Mary says. "I want you to be astonished when you see yourself." And then she goes to work with the paints and sponges until Reg feels as though his face is being turned into a mask; but every touch of her finger tips sends a little shiver over him. They are very light and quite by chance touches she makes the material lay itself on, but her face is close to his. He can see the fine texture of her rosy complexion, and the way her lashes curl back.

Baylor gets up, and taking Dolly on his arm, goes into the parlor.

"Wait one minute. I want to see if Dick is going out," and she runs after him.

There are dozens of trifling little trinkets lying about on the table.

Reg thinks he must have something of hers, something that belongs to her. There is a little scarlet sea bean locket, the mounting gilt, a trifle worth fifty cents, perhaps upon some long past day when it was a fad to own such a thing. Before she comes back, he has stuck it in his pocket. He feels like a thief one instant, and like a knight wearing a lady's token, the next, and he glories in his sensations. Real sensations are so new to Reg.

He is allowed to look at himself, bedight with the paint which the footlights will soften, better looking than he ever was in his life. Mary looks over his shoulder, delighted with her handiwork. The door has been left open in the corridor only a few inches, but those inches give full upon the two figures standing before the mirror. Some one comes along the corridor, but neither hears.

"See here," Mary cries. "You've got your hair wrong." She seizes a brush and sets it right just as Edyth passes—half stops—and then blind with disgust and rage and mortification at what she sees, goes flying on into her own room to throw herself on the bed and choke her sobs in the pillow.

When Mrs. Courtney comes in a few minutes later to say in a resigned tone that she supposes as Reg is to take part in the play, there is nothing for them to do but to go down and see it, unless they want to set every tongue wagging, and she thinks Edyth had better wear her pink striped silk with the dark red velvet sleeves, she finds her future daughter in law in bed with her head tied up in a wet towel and barely voice enough to say that she has a frightful headache.

"It's all on account of the sun on the water. I knew it!" Mrs. Courtney says. "We certainly shall leave here tomorrow." And then she goes bustling back with various doses, all of which Edyth meekly swallows, only too glad to be let alone at any price. She begs Mrs. Courtney not to miss the play, and after an hour's dressing she is finally off down stairs,

hot and creaking in her tight silk harness, her husband meekly following in her wake.

Edyth can hear the band, can hear the gay parties trooping down stairs, and then can hear the clapping as the curtain goes up. There is dead silence then for what seems to her hours. She wonders if it is a failure, and some way that seems to lighten the awful burden just a trifle, and then—there is applause that fairly rocks the house again and again. They are bowing their thanks down there, Mary radiant, because the gift that is in her has not grown dull with disuse. Reg, with her hand in his, and that guilty little red locket in his pocket, is not conscious enough of his state to know that the realization of his love will never come, and is happy. Up stairs Edyth turns her face to the wall with fresh, smarting tears.

## XII.

MISS BAYLOR, elder half sister to Richard, has neatly tied her bonnet strings, shaken out her skirts, opened her parasol, and walked forth with dignified mien to visit another member of the family who lived half a mile away under the Ellenbro' maples. Not that Miss Baylor cares particularly for this elderly, and as she considers, rather stupid widow, but one must confide in somebody and one can hardly go out of the family to lament upon the shortcomings of one's own kin. The washing of soiled linen in the good old families is usually carried on in a private laundry.

There are box bushes growing all the way up the path to the front door and their damp odor is brought out by the brilliant hot afternoon sunshine. The fanlight over the heavy old front door is veiled in dotted "swiss" which has been washed many times, and the stone stoop shows where the scouring rock has worn away its edges under generations of black hands.

Miss Baylor lifts the knocker and lets it fall gingerly, as though she

were conscious what echoes would waken. The door is opened by a little darky boy in an apron. He can barely reach the handle to turn it, but in his other hand is a small silver tray which he holds solemnly out for Miss Baylor's card, stony unrecognition in his little black face, although he is the son of Miss Baylor's cook and only left her house last week.

"Tell Mrs. Ellery that it's your Miss 'Liza," she says, and marches into the dim, wide old hall. Dim at this end, with black framed old engravings on the wall, but opening at the other upon a sunny garden where hollyhocks stand in gay rows, and the bees from the hives behind them tumble and buzz at their honey gathering all day long.

The blinds are all closely drawn in the front of the house, and Mrs. Ellery is sitting in the dark by her sitting room window, mending stockings. There is just one little ray of sunshine allowed to creep through the crack in the venetian blind and fall upon the little square of stitches. Mrs. Ellery is stout and plain. They said she was the prettiest of pretty girls in her youth, and she married one of the catches of her day. Now, she still wears her hair tucked in a little bunch of curls behind each ear, and considering that a sufficient reminder of past glories, wears the old gowns in which she mourned her husband. A very comfortable woman is Mrs. Ellery, who if she had lived in a city all her life would have been a gay young widow at forty eight, instead of an old woman.

Miss Baylor sat down in one of the big padded rockers and fanned herself.

"I'll just tell Mandy to bring in some raspberry vinegar. You certainly look hot," said Mrs. Ellery, bustling about hospitably. "This warm weather is dreadful—"

"Sarah, Richard and his wife have come home." Miss Baylor's voice is solemn.

"You don't mean it? Why, I was asking Mandy this morning if she

had seen any signs of the old house being opened, and she said there were none. When did they come?"

It was this frivolous lightness, that lack of understanding of the import of the situation, which so exasperated Miss Baylor.

"They came last night."

Miss Baylor shook her head.

"It is certainly a great affliction to have Richard come home with a wife that we cannot tolerate."

"Well, now think of it, Eliza; you wouldn't have had that money go out of the family, would you? And I should think you would be very glad that Richard was coming home and settling down and going to bring his little girl up in the way she should go, right here among his own kin."

"A pretty kind of a bringing up she will get from that mother of hers! It's all on account of Dick's having no moral stamina. He never had any. He was always too indolent to take care of himself, and here he has at last let himself be married to a girl from the streets."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that."

"Well, from the stage, then, which is *worse!* I suppose I must go up and see them. I suppose nobody else will go. I understand that the Courtneys met them at the seashore, and Martha Courtney has come home telling everybody that she is a bold faced flirt who runs after every man she sees. A person quite impossible for Edyth to associate with."

Mrs. Ellery set her not by any means thin lipped nor severe mouth in as straight a line as she could manage.

"That's very small in Martha Courtney. And I should think she would remember past favors from your family."

"Past favors amount to little in these days."

"Well, I'm going to put on my bonnet and go right up there with you. Not that I approve at all of Richard's having married as he has done, when there are plenty of charming, sweet girls all about here

who ought to have lived in the old place. People ought to marry their own sort, say I. It's always happier. There are rubs enough come in married life any way, without difference of bringing up."

Mary had looked forward so long to this home coming. She had pictured in her mind the big, old fashioned Southern house, with its wide hallway and long verandas, and sunny slopes of garden. She had seen places, not grand places, but sweet, old fashioned homes here and there in her wandering about, and she had always dreamed of some time living in one. A quiet life, care free, with happy people about, and her husband and child, seemed heaven to Mary. She dreamed of gayly tasseled hammocks swung under trees; of little wicker tables about the lawn, and young girls to come in and drink tea with her maybe. She had known very few young girls. It isn't likely that even such a home as that would have contented Mary, accustomed as she was to the lightness and life of cities, the movement and color of streets and theaters.

But Castle Hill is not the home of Mary's dreams. It is an old house, but instead of standing like a stately queen on a hill top, overlooking her glad domain, the early Baylor who conceived this mansion built it under the hill instead of on top, with an idea of sheltering the inmates. Its brick foundation has kept it damp, and the old vines which cling about its walls and send strong shoots into the windows, give it a vault-like feeling.

The little station in Ellenbro' had not been the pretty country stopping place she had expected, but a big dirty "depot," crowded with curious loafers. There was no one to meet them and the only vehicle which could take them to their own roof tree was an old coupé, dingy and hot, which hung about the station in rain or shine, its horse drooping and its driver asleep inside.

But none of these things daunted Mary's happy spirits. She was going home! The old home of Rich-

ard, the home that was to be Dolly's. As they drive into the gate she cannot believe that this can be the home she has dreamed of. It has been in her mind's eye so long as something so different. As they rattled up the driveway, bordered on each side by ragged syringa bushes and with gloomy old Norway firs bordering the lane, she could not believe at first that this was the place.

"Well, my dear," Baylor said, leaning out, and looking at the old house. It had bored him tremendously in the old days; bored him so much that he had gone away and left it all—all the darkness and closeness and conventional narrowness, shaken the dust from his feet; but now coming back it held for him something of the glamor of his boyhood. The world that he had dreamed of then had not turned out such a great thing after all, and now he was coming back with wife and child, it seemed as pleasant a place as any.

"I've no doubt it will be charming." Mary had thought of herself as clasping her hands and exclaiming with delight when she saw the house, but that, like so many anticipations, had faded before the reality. They had gone into the narrow, long lofty rooms and had interviewed the two old servants who had stayed as caretakers. They were tired out. A chill little wind had come up from somewhere and the rooms had an odor of mildew.

Mr. Baylor put his hands in his trousers' pockets and walked about the room, looking at everything. It was all so familiar and yet so strange. It had been another person, a fresh, inexperienced boy who had taken this into his young memory, a memory that had jostled the picture of these old rooms with strange company since then.

"What is there for dinner?" he asked the tall negro woman who had let them in.

"Ain't you done had no dinner? I was lowin' to give you a mess o' fried chicken fer supper."

"That's all right. Call it what

you're a mind to," Baylor said good naturedly. "Only hurry it up. I'm hungry."

"Build a fire in here, at once," Mary said. "Dolly will catch her death of cold," she added as she saw the blank astonishment on the woman's face at the idea of wanting a fire in the middle of summer. "It smells musty, too—ugh!"

She went to the windows and threw them up.

"Finical Yankee!" Cynthia muttered as she went out. "Throwin' up the windows an' wantin' a fire laid right here in August. Never shook hands with a body, nor said nothin'."

Mary's heart was sick with disappointment. Presently Cynthia's husband Bob came in with a basket of wood and laid a large fire, which was soon roaring up the chimney until the room was unbearable.

"They are not accustomed to anything but winter fires down here," Baylor said. The wind came tearing down the wide chimney and swept smoke and ashes out into the room in a choking cloud.

Mary took Dolly by the hand and went up stairs to investigate. The house was an old one, without any of the modern improvements. It had been hastily got ready by the two negroes who had served its former owner, but there had been no careful hand to see that it was made habitable. Miss Baylor had not felt that it came within her duties when Richard had not written to her of his coming.

At the supper table, where the tall, cross looking woman waited, Baylor tried to eat the chicken and put it back on the plate.

"When was this fowl killed?" he asked with suspicious calmness.

"This afternoon, sir."

"Just as I thought. Understand, will you, that no fowl is to come to come to this table that has not been hung up at least three days."

The woman had been housekeeper for years and had been absolute ruler.

"You didn't send word—" she be-

gan, but there was a look in Baylor's face which silenced her.

Dolly tired, began to cry, deepening the line in her father's forehead. Mary quietly arose and took her up stairs.

"I wants to do *home!*" the baby sobbed, and as Mary put her to bed there were tears in her own eyes as she echoed the wish.

But sunshine and the glad morning had changed both their moods. The day was hot and clear, and every window was thrown up and the sun allowed free passageway through the rooms, rooms that had been sacred or any rate unused by their former owner,

Mary has spent the morning unpacking. As she takes out one thing after another, she cannot forget that her little apartment up there in New York is still in its old place. She thinks of it with a little homesickness. She wonders if this will ever be "home." If she will ever care to take down the little pictures off the walls and bring them here to go up beside these—she laughs as she looks at them. There are some old portraits not by any means good, and some funereal old engravings in black frames. There is one of Stuart's "Washington," that good but unhappy picture where the father of his country is resolutely closing his mouth over his very ill fitting false teeth. And there are some classic subjects, and a "Death of Nelson."

Mary has had one trunk opened down stairs because it was heavy

with books and papers, and everything is strewn about in fine disarray, a disarray that is as unconscious as nature's littering, and as little to be taken into account. Gay illustrated papers, yellow covered books, half a dozen silk cushions, and all the odds and ends that people carry to make themselves home feeling in a temporary stopping place. It isn't an array to mollify a notable housekeeper; nor is Mary's attire. She looks pretty. When did she not? But it is in a red Japanese komono that kicks about her feet and falls away from her arms. She is in the midst of her labors, and, working and planning, has begun to enjoy herself.

Coming up the drive are her husband's two elderly relatives.

"It seems shameful," Miss Baylor says, "that it is not one who would know and appreciate this fine old place, who would keep up the dignity of the family, who will live here."

"How do you know that Richard's wife will not?" Mrs. Ellery says comfortably, and then they mount the steps.

They ring the bell. The sound of a gay, light little song, and the slamming of books is heard, but no answer.

In a moment the tall colored woman comes to the door, gives a glance in at the drawing room and its new mistress, and with what might be the satisfaction of malice, ushers the two ladies in.

(To be continued.)



## THE STAGE.

To one who keeps *au courant* with the biographies of men and women of the stage, it cannot but be an impressive fact that so many of them hail from the Pacific seaboard. Impressive, not because there

Frohman are the only managers with whom she has had engagements, and she has assured me that her appearance as *Paguita* in "Panjandrum" in no wise abrogates her contract with the latter.



EDNA WALLACE HOPPER.  
From a photograph by Sarony.

is any reason why the extreme West should not be conducive to the fostering of dramatic talent, but merely as a coincidence. One of the latest of those owing allegiance to California, to reach the dignity of having her name end a cast preceded by the magic word "and," is Edna Wallace, now Mrs. De Wolf Hopper. Mrs. Hopper is not yet twenty, and has been on the stage but two years. Roland Reed and Charles

indeed, there is a part in Mr. Belasco's new play, "The Younger Son," being especially written for her. She says that she enjoys her present rôle in comic opera; certainly her audiences enjoy seeing her in it. A refined *Paguita* may sound like an anomaly; nevertheless the entire absence of any touch of coarseness in Mrs. Hopper's interpretation of the part invests it with a charm that is as unique as it is



ANNA O'KEEFE.  
From a photograph by Sarony.

gratifying. Nevertheless, for the little lady's own sake, we are all glad that she is to return to pure comedy in the fall.

\* \* \*

THE CASINO might well be termed the American Conservatoire for the furnishing of stars to the comic opera stage. It is difficult to think of a name prominent in the casts of these productions today that has not at one time appeared on the bills at this ill fated Thirty Ninth Street house. Indeed, there are some who have attained high rank in their careers who had no individuality of mention, but were included under some such general head as "peasants," "natives," or "ladies of the court." Of these was Miss Anna O'Keefe, who now appears as *Indra* in "Panjandrum." She has been with Mr. Hopper since his first season, and is one of the most highly valued members of his company. All who have seen her on the stage will attest the charm of her presence and the sweetness of her

voice. She is a most conscientious worker and certainly deserves the greater honors that it is not hazardous to forecast for her.

\* \* \*

THE picture of Miss Cayvan that graces these pages this month was taken during the summer in Chicago. The leading lady of the Lyceum company is now in the zenith of her fame. And not alone as an actress of surpassing abilities is she popular, but as a woman of varied attainments and tactful address. During the recent stay of the company in San Francisco, she was much sought after in society, and after her visit to Japan a year ago she wrote some very entertaining descriptions of life in the Mikado's kingdom. Miss Cayvan's beauty is of a peculiar type. It is by no means pronounced. Indeed, I dare say there are a good many people who think her not beautiful at all. Well, perhaps it is not beauty, but a fascination made up of

manner, smile and a womanly sincerity of purpose which always captivates.

\* \* \*

Few of our players have a more romantic history than Blanche Walsh, whose *Diana Stockton* in Bronson Howard's "Aristocracy" was one of last season's successes. She was born in Mott Street, New York's Chinatown, and for fifteen months lived in the Tombs, when her father was warden of the prison. Her taste for acting was formed when she was very young. She once told her father that she would be the Charlotte Cushman of her time.

Miss Walsh is nineteen, wears her hair short and wishes she were a man. Not that she is not gratified with the honors she has won in "Aristocracy," but she has always rebelled more or less against her sex. When she was born the doctor said, "It ought to be a boy." But can one imagine a more ladylike *Diana Stockton* than Miss Walsh makes?

\* \* \*

NEWSPAPERDOM is the next phase of realism to be shown up on the stage. In "The Actors' Holiday" there are to be printing presses, typesetters, and the editors, done to the life, not omitting the dramatic critic. But while the theater is reproducing with realistic fidelity all the

other professions, why doesn't it turn itself inside out, as it were? To be sure there are plays showing life behind the curtain, acting on a stage within a stage, but the real novelty would be to present a panorama of the wings, just as it is, not exaggerated to the tune of burlesque.

I was "behind" the other night at a performance of "Panjandrum" at the Broadway, and the most pronounced feature of the experience was the churchly stillness and gravity that prevailed. One might have fancied that a grawsome tragedy was

being enacted on the boards rather than a comic opera that kept the audience in roars of laughter. Even the complicated workings of the scenic interlude, showing the wrecking of the ship, progressed with scarcely an order given.

Another impressive feature is the absence of the throngs of participants in the piece that one would expect to find hovering about, waiting for their cues to go on. When they leave the glare of the footlights they appear to melt into thin air. The explanation is that some go up stairs and some down, to their dressing rooms. There is no loitering in the wings.

\* \* \*

WRITING in these summer days of slim audiences, reminds me to add another to the anecdote of poor houses I quoted last month. My authority is a French paper, which tells how Liszt and Rubini once gave a concert in a little town in France in the presence of only fifty people, including one lady. In spite of the small number, the musicians surpassed themselves. Then Liszt addressed the assembly.

"Gentlemen," he began, "and madame, I think you've had enough music. Will you do us the honor

to sup with us?"

The supper cost nearly \$250. Next evening the room was full.

\* \* \*

ONE can scarcely read a batch of dramatic news anywhere nowadays

without coming across an item to the effect that Mr. Daly has decided to abandon his New York theater entirely. Or, if it is not this, it is the report of Mr. Daly's emphatic denial of the rumor. The enormous amount of free advertising this manager gets by simply keeping his mouth closed as to his plans, is phenomenal. With no basis of fact on which to rear their prognostications, the scribes of the daily press draw upon their fancy. Then Mr. Daly comes to the front and says it isn't so, all of which makes talk and keeps the



BLANCHE WALSH.  
From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.



GEORGIA CAVAN.  
From her latest photograph, taken by Morrison, Chicago.

name of the Comédie Française of America before the public.

But this American Comédie Française appears not to have fared much better in London than did the original players from the house in the Rue Richelieu, in spite of the fact that they appeared in a new theater of their very own. After a season by no means long, the bills in front of Daly's in Leicester Square bear the hapless legend, "Closed."

\* \* \* \* \*  
If a theatrical manager should be asked what was the most obnoxious feature of his calling, he would be very likely to reply: "The reading of plays." That is, he would say this, were he not of the number who shirk responsibility in this direction and employ regular "readers." Authors think they have a hard time of it, but I venture to say that you would find an author even more impatient than a manager were he compelled to listen to the reading of anybody's

play but his own. The art of listening is not a diligently cultivated one in this age of do and dare; till the novice at play writing can succeed in having his work brought to the attention of the manager in some other way than by the ear, he stands a poor chance of getting "produced."

\* \* \*

MARIE WAINWRIGHT is very nervous whenever she plays and has been heard to declare that there can be no good work done without this accompanying "stage fright." Apropos here is an anecdote of the first appearance of William H. Crane. It was at Utica, when he was only sixteen, and the piece was "The Daughter of the Regiment." Crane was cast for the notary.

"His first speech occurred in the second act, and he says he never studied any lines so hard in all his life. When he walked on the stage the young man felt that he was letter perfect, but, as an extra precaution, he carried the prompt book inside the

document he was to read upon his first entrance. As he walked on he tripped over a piece of carpet, and the prompt book sailed over to the other side of the stage. This made the house howl, and young Crane's teeth chattered with fright. In a moment or two he got his breath, and his fright seemed to nerve him, and he resolved to do his utmost. The result was that the remainder of his performance went off without a hitch."

\* \* \*

THE first of the New York theaters to re-open after the summer vacation was the Lyceum, on Monday, August 7, a week earlier than last year. The attraction was the same as then—"Captain Lettarblair," Mr. Sothern's production of "Sheridan" being deferred three weeks, thus permitting the box office to take in money during the period required for rehearsals of the new play.

I frankly confess that I liked "Lettarblair" much better on this second—well, hearing is really the word, for the dialogue of Miss Merington's play is the most enjoyable part of it. As to the public, it is evidently as enamored of the sprightly comedy as ever, for although it was a hot night, the theater was crowded. A very important change in this season's cast is the substitution of Grace Kimball for Virginia Harned in the leading woman's rôle. Miss Kimball is charming to look upon, and her management of facial expression combines to a surprising degree both naturalness and adequate interpretation of the author's meaning. Miss Kimball is undoubtedly a valuable addition to Mr. Sothern's forces. Frederic Conger replaces Lawrence Clark as *Pinkney*, the young secretary, and brings to the part a sturdiness of purpose to make the most of it that, without any overacting, lifts it out of the lower level it would seem destined to occupy. One misses Jenny Dunbar's pleasing stage presence as *Polly*, although I do not by this mean to detract from the good work done by Rebecca Warren, her successor.

Sothern's impersonation of the reckless, pun-loving, impetuous, yet loyal and true hearted young Irish captain, has lost nothing of its freshness and vigor by the year of constant repetition. While it circumscribes his powers to one keynote, this is set to such a merry, rollicking air that we settle ourselves back for thorough enjoyment of it, forgetting that the player is capable of striking as tunefully a set of chords that include almost the whole gamut of the emotions.

WORK on the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera goes merrily on, and we shall probably have the pleasure of hearing it during the now opening season. I say goes on merrily, but Mr. Gilbert at least might not echo the adverb. He has been telling how he writes his librettos, and in response to his interviewer's question of what he considered the chief traits necessary to enable one to become a successful playwright, placed first in his reply: the power of catching the public taste. Of course such an answer is of no manner of use to the aspiring author with the dramatic bee in his bonnet. With public taste as fickle as a weathercock, the direction to catch it bears a playful ring that would seem to imply that Mr. Gilbert was making his interlocutor pay toll for the interview. But when he was asked about his plots, he became serious at once.

"Plots!" he exclaimed. "Where do they come from? I don't know. A chance remark in conversation, a little accidental incident, a trifling object may suggest a train of thought which develops into a startling plot. Of course I am talking of original plots. I don't call adapting a play or translating a play writing one. Taking my own plots, for instance, the 'Mikado' was suggested by a Japanese sword which hangs in my study; 'The Yeomen of the Guard' by even a more unlikely incident. I had twenty minutes one day to wait at Uxbridge station for a train, and I saw the advertisement of the 'Tower Furnishing Company,' representing a number of beefeaters—who, goodness only knows. It gave me an idea, and I wrote the play originally as one of modern life in the Tower of London. Then it suddenly occurred to me to throw the time of it back to that of Queen Elizabeth. Having got one's plot, the next step is to fit in the characters. And the chief point in doing so is to invent original characters. But this is a very difficult matter, whether one is writing for a stock company or writing irrespective of the cast.

"No, it is not always easier to write for a non-existent company; one has too free a hand. But with a stock company it is so hard to make the characters seem original. Writing for the Savoy I had to keep the idiosyncrasies of Rutland Barrington, Rosina Brandram and the others constantly before me. I used to invent a perfectly fresh character each time for George Grossmith; but he always did it in his own way—most excellent in itself, crisp and smart, but 'G. G.' to the end. Con-

sequently every one said: 'Why, Grossmith always has the same character'; whereas, if different individuals had acted them, each would have been distinctive. It was no fault of Grossmith's, than whom a more amiable and zealous collaborator does not exist. It arose from the fact that his individuality was too strong to be concealed.

"I next write out the play as a story, as carefully as though it were to be published in that form. I then try to divide it into acts. I think two acts the right number for comic opera. At least my experience—and that is thirty years old—teaches me so. Sometimes, of course, the original story does not fall readily into two acts, and so requires modification. Well, I put it by for a fortnight or more, and then rewrite the whole thing without referring to the first copy. I find that I have omitted some good things that were in the first edition, and have introduced some other good things that were not in it. I compare the two, put them both aside and write it out again. Sometimes I do this a dozen times; indeed, the general public has no idea of the trouble it takes to produce a play that seems to run so smoothly and so naturally. One must work up to a good curtain. I believe very strongly in this. The last impression is always the strongest, and an audience will often pardon a feeble, wearisome act for one dramatic climax at its conclusion. I can generally judge now what will have a good effect; sometimes, but very rarely, it is spoiled by the interpreters. They always do their best, but occasionally they fail to realize my intention. The fact is that for comic opera many artists, especially tenors and sopranos, are necessarily engaged who are singers rather than actors, and it is not to be expected that carefully written comedy dialogue will receive full justice at their hands. Critics do not seem to realize this difficulty, and frequently pronounce a scene to be dull because it is ineffectively acted by a couple of mere concert singers.

"Well, to go on with the writing of the play, I next sketch out quite roughly the dialogue and then fill in the musical numbers as I feel inclined. I do not attempt to write them in order, but just as the humor takes me—one here, one there; a sad one when I feel depressed, a bright one when I am in a happy mood. When at last all those of the first act are done it is sent to the composer to be set to music, with a copy of the rough sketch of the dialogue to show him how the different songs hang to-

gether. I generally like reading it over to the composer, so as to give him my idea of the rhythm, which, as a matter of course, he varies at his pleasure. There must be perfect good fellowship between the writer and composer, as there is much give-and-take to be managed. Meters have to be changed by the writer, or tunes altered by the composer, to fit in with some idea, some intention, of the other partner. For instance, the writer may have put a theme in one meter and the composer has a tune in his head which will just suit the theme, but will not fit the scansion, and so the lyrics must be altered; each must try to make the other's part as easy as possible. There must be no jealousy, no bad feeling between the two. They must be on the best of terms; otherwise there will be no success. And I put down the popularity of the 'Gondoliers,' 'Iolanthe,' 'Mikado,' and the other operas which Sir Arthur Sullivan and I did together chiefly to this fact. He was most kind in this respect. While the composing is going on I complete the dialogue and work up the entire stage management on a model stage. When the rehearsal comes I have the business of each scene written down, and this inspires confidence in those one is teaching; they know that I have a concrete scheme in my head and generally watch its development with interest and curiosity.

"Oh, by the way, I should have said that as soon as a story is finally decided on a scenic artist is set to work. His plans are carefully modified from time to time until a desirable result is obtained. The last step of all is the dress designing. I always take on myself to give suggestions in this matter—not to tie the dress designer down, but to help him. In fact, I frequently make rough sketches for all the characters. Sometimes the designer will make use of these, sometimes not.

"As to rehearsals, there are in all three weeks for the artists to study the music; then a fortnight's rehearsals without the music; finally, another three or four weeks' rehearsals in position and with the music. The principals are not wearied with rehearsals until the chorus is perfect."

\* \* \*

WHAT Mr. Gilbert says about the costuming and mounting of his operas recalls to me the plaint of an artist who frequently designs costumes for spectacular productions. It was made to a writer on *Philadelphia Music and Drama*, and he declares that the disadvantage under which the American stage has been labor-

ing in this respect is that too many people are financially interested in the mounting of the piece.

"If you ask the costumer what he would suggest for such and such a play, he immediately thinks of what he has on hand; the scenic painter, of the scenes or the sketches he has which can be used. They will never go to an artist, for that will entail expense. Then as to the actors, they nearly always overlook the strength of a whole play, and are only interested in the strength of their own part, or in certain scenes. Therefore, it is very often that a play which could be produced successfully by a stage director who thoroughly understands his business and seeks artistic help, is put on by a manager who knows nothing about what is needed to produce the desired effect, and who is merely a workman influenced by the actors and actresses, always seeking to obtain their own little effects and to avoid what is inconvenient or new to them. I think that our manner of putting plays on the stage is all wrong. It would be more conducive to success to adopt the system they have in Europe, which is to place the play to be produced in the hands of somebody who is not connected with the company, or who will not think of shop first. In Paris, especially, for all important productions in which absolute success is considered a necessity, there is formed a committee consisting of the stage director, the musical director and an artist especially engaged for that particular play. There are many artists in Europe who give great attention to this kind of work."

\* \* \*

SPEAKING of stage managers, J. W. Shannon, for six years a member of Wallack's stock company, has recently affirmed that this function, as it is known abroad, especially in Germany, is almost obsolete in this country.

"If I ask one of the more modern type of stage managers how he directs a rehearsal," he said to a representative of the *Dramatic Mirror*, "he will tell me that he stands with manuscript in hand and notes the goings and comings of the actors and the manner of their speaking, and if any movement or expression is contrary to his idea he will correct it and explain what he wishes instead. But he cannot, by his own action or his own speaking, illustrate what he wants or what he conceives to be an improvement upon that which he objects to. He cannot assume the posture that he wishes the rehearsing actor to assume, or

intone the speech with the exact modulation that he wishes to distinguish it, or portray an emotion. And in this the old fashioned stage manager is perfect. The old fashioned stage manager, in fact, has mastered every detail of the play. He is of necessity an actor of versatility himself. He can make an entrance, or assume an attitude, or make a gesture, or portray an emotion exactly as it should be done, and in this rests his superiority. He saves time and he saves temper, because, having learned all of these things himself, he can quickly and easily instruct others in them.

"I do not mean to say that this qualified manager of the stage is no longer with us. By no means. Occasionally you will find such a one, but they are rare, and the other kind predominates. The most perfect stage manager I ever knew was Dion Boucicault. He lacked nothing but an ease in imparting his knowledge. He was too peremptory. Lester Wallack was an admirable stage manager—one of the best I have ever known. He would take a play home, and study it until he was a master of its every detail. Then he would put it in rehearsal, and without manuscript—with everything in mind and at his tongue's end—direct it without a false thought or an immature idea of expression."

\* \* \*

CLEMENT SCOTT, the London critic, declares very emphatically against the monstrosity of a dramatic author accepting a call before the curtain. He has no objections to his bowing his thanks from the box, but affirms that the compliments of the footlights belong to the actors, not the author.

It is an English actress, Mrs. Charles Calvert, who discovers that long runs are the cause of her profession being overcrowded. She says that these runs lessen the drudgery of rehearsals which used to add to the work of the actor of twenty years ago. "Women in society are also attracted," she continues. "They require no study. All that is necessary is for them to sit in front a certain number of nights, and get off the style of a prominent actress in a new piece, and then they are ready to go on tour in the provinces. Besides, they are content to accept little or no salary."

One more item with an English flavor, which I could wish was otherwise. I refer to the manner in which the Empire Theater is advertising "Liberty Hall." Here it is: "A comedy now running in London," I had hoped we had outgrown that.

## LITERARY CHAT.

J. M. BARRIE, who lives with another man's novel in his hand when he is not holding a pen, has given a clear estimate of Dickens's talents :

" If Dickens and Scott and George Meredith had gone for a stroll together, he (Dickens) would have seen more that was worth taking note of than any of them, though he could not always have used it to more effect. Scott would have seen its picturesque side best. Thackeray would have sighed to observe that it would not have happened had not some lady pretended to have three servants when she had only one; and Mr. Meredith would have turned it inside out. \* \* \* Probably if you had been a witness of the incident which all four writers subsequently introduced into a story, you would have decided that Dickens's picture was the truest, and hence the best. Probably, too, you would be quite wrong. There is a general notion that we meet Dickens's characters more frequently in real life than the characters of any other novelist. Few of us have not had occasion to say at some period of our life that we know a Pecksniff. \* \* \* Silas Marners are uncommon. We seldom call our friends (even behind their backs) Joseph Sedley, and we could call them Sir Willoughby Patterne to their face, for they would not understand the reference. Yet are there many more Marners, Sedleys and Patternes in the world and not one Micawber. With very few exceptions, Dickens's best characters are caricatures. They are not nearly so human as the Marners, and therefore to the hasty reader they are much more real.

\* \* \* Take away many of the Dickens catch phrases and you kill the man who used them. This is because he never was a man, but only the thousandth part of one. Micawber is no more a complete human being than a button is a suit of clothes. \* \* \* The one of us is not black and the other white, and a third and fourth red and blue, as Dickens paints us. For every point of difference, we have a dozen in common, and thus the novelist who draws a complete man never creates a figure that stands out from all the other figures. He aims not at producing beings

theatrically effective; less at representing a man than at representing man. This is the difference in object between Dickens and Meredith." \* \* \*

ZOLA is an author who is always *en evidence!* He is utterly indifferent to the judgment which his contemporaries pass upon his work. He has reduced literature to an exact science and when he makes an experiment he himself judges whether or not it has been a success. There is no trembling waiting for the verdict of the world. He is his own censor. He is a little contemptuous of what the world has to say, because it has shown by its criticisms the most superficial understanding of his philosophy. "Nana," which was merely the deduction from the course of argument that he had carried through the whole Rougon-Marquet series, was the most successful of all his books, and the one that he considered most trifling.

Zola is one of the hardest workers among literary men. Over his mantelpiece in his study he has carved "*Nulla dies sine linea.*" He considers that hard work, regular work is the first essential to success. It is in the minds of many people that a writer's capital is a pad and a pencil, that he can work anyhow and anywhere, since he only needs to put down his ideas and pictures as they flow into his mind. But the story of the way Zola writes tells something of the force that goes into real book making. He first takes the subject in hand and writes down his regular ideas in no literary form at all. This embodies his first idea of his story. There is often no plot, merely supposititious situations, possibilities for such and such characters to work out. Sometimes this original draft is as long as the completed novel.

Tourgeniff, who was one of Zola's dearest friends, used to live the very life of his own characters. Once he kept a journal in the character of one of his creations which ran over years, not one line of which was ever published. Zola studies every one of his scenes as though he were obliged to reproduce each brick. There is no slurring of detail in anything he writes. He considers that the slow and sure method is the only

safe way to build, and only writes fifteen hundred words a day, never exhausting himself in one day so that his work suffers the next. His afternoons are given to leisure, or to studies for his books. He goes to a place which he intends to describe and spends hours, days, sometimes weeks in gathering impressions, that he may give them out again with the greatest nicety of detail. At a recent "Zola Dinner," where the great novelist was the guest of honor, General Jung turned to him and said: "You have written 'La Débâcle.' I hope you may write 'La Victorie.'" Zola replied: "That, general, is more your business than mine."

\* \* \*

MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON is one of the most interesting writers in America, interesting not only for her books, but from her extraordinarily charming personality. She has a tall, full figure, a face of the softest and most velvety texture, a sweet mouth, and golden brown hair. Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, who is one of her greatest friends, says of her:

"Always richly clad, and fond of surrounding herself with objects of beauty, always with quick consideration for others, unboundedly kind and generous, not only in the deed, but in the far more difficult word, there is an enchantment in her atmosphere; it is that both of brilliancy and rest. She has seen and known almost everything in the world that it is desirable to see or know, but so little of parade is there about her that you might be with her for weeks and never hear a word of it; but ask her a question for your pleasure, and she will entertain you for hours with story after story of the people who are shining phantasmagoria beyond our horizon, but are to her familiar matters of every day."

"At Mrs. Moulton's home, in Boston, she receives the world weekly, a gracious and cordial hostess, whom the world delights to honor; but, perhaps, she is never more gracious and delightful than when alone with some woman whom she loves, or with a little group of friends where the seals of reserve are broken and she rests safe in the tranquillity of mutual confidence."

"Louise Moulton is a singularly interesting product of New England. Her father and mother were of the most rigid Puritan type, and she was reared without story books, or songs, or games, or dances, or pantomimes, or any of the pleasure giving things that other children have; and yet she lived in a region of the poetry of her own creation, and was happy in her

dreams, and became not only a poet of poets, but an accomplished woman of the world. A golden cactus-flower growing out of the rift of a granite ledge of Cape Ann would be no more remarkable than this unaccounted for child of genius springing from the quiet little hill town of Pomfret, in Connecticut, with the primitive life of its people at the time of her birth. When she went away to school she made a brilliant record; and among her schoolmates were Edmund Clarence Stedman and Whistler, the artist. But before she was twenty she married, and went to live in Boston, where, except for her foreign journeys, she has ever since made her home.

"Here, from an early time, Colonel Higginson and Mr. Lowell, and in fact the whole circle of wits and savans, were among her familiar friends, Mr. Longfellow often bringing some unpublished poem to read to her; and her house is to-day the center of the literary society of Boston; for although almost every summer finds her abroad, she returns with the winter to her home.

"When Mrs. Moulton first went to London, Lord Houghton (Richard Monckton Milnes), who was always her very kind friend, made a breakfast for her. Shortly after her arrival at the house, he brought to her a gentleman and introduced him; but, as Lord Houghton's voice was very low, Mrs. Moulton failed to hear him, and all was so new and strange to her that she hardly liked to ask to have the name repeated. It was, however, the name of a well bred, cordial and kindly man, with a pleasant face, dressed in gray; and he sat down beside her, and talked in a lively way on everyday topics, until Lord Houghton came to take her out to the table. At the opposite end of the table sat Miss Milnes, now Lady Fitzgerald, between two gentlemen, one of whom was the little gentleman in gray. Presently, in the course of conversation, Lord Houghton asked Mrs. Moulton if she thought Browning looked like his pictures. 'Browning?' she asked. 'Where is he?' Her host gathered his brows, as if with some surprise, and replied, 'Why, there, sitting beside my daughter.' But there were two gentlemen sitting beside his daughter, and her companion's attention being momentarily diverted, and disliking to ask too many questions, she sat during the remainder of the breakfast with a divided mind, between the gay conversation of which she was a part, and the wonder as to which of those two men was Browning.

"After returning to the drawing room, the gentleman in gray again sought her side, and calling upon her courage, she faced him and said, 'I understand that Mr. Browning is here. Will you kindly tell me which is he?'

The person addressed looked puzzled for half an instant and astonished the other half; and then he called to an acquaintance standing near, 'Look here, Mrs. Moulton wants to know which of us is Browning. Tell her, won't you! Browning—*C'est moi!*' with a gay gesture. 'The earth opened and swallowed you up, then?' said the one to whom she related the incident. 'No, indeed; we had the gayest possible quarter of an hour afterward,' was the reply.

\* \* \*

It is very seldom that a man and his wife are of the same profession, or even the same tastes. It seems to be an ordering of nature that too much talent of the same sort shall not come together, or perhaps it is the egotism of talent which will not subject itself to expert criticism at its own hearthstone. When a man or a woman comes into his or her own home it is the natural impulse to want the doors closed upon everything except the softnesses of life. And most people seem to find naturally that ease of heart with some one to whom "shop" of their particular sort is a novelty. There are some notable exceptions to this, but it is usually in the higher walks of letters. Robert Browning and his wife were a famous example. George Parsons Lathrop and Rose Hawthorne Lathrop are a pair of literary lovers who seem to take a never ending delight in a Bohemian life together. Mrs. Lathrop is the daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and has inherited the talents of both her father and mother. She is a most charming woman with auburn hair and deep gray eyes, and with a loveliness and freshness of manner which ever charms. She spent several years studying art, but sometimes she imagines situations so vividly that she must put them down. Her verse is excellent.

Mr. and Mrs. Lathrop have recently spent several years in Europe, going about from place to place, setting up their Lares and Penates wherever the fancy took them. Mr. Lathrop has embodied their experiences in a most readable book. Two or three years ago, both Mr. Lathrop and his wife, to the surprise of all their friends became Roman Catholics. Mr. Lathrop's explanation of their change of faith was

one of the cleverest things he has ever done.

\* \* \*

THE story of a success is always interesting, but it is not by any means encouraging to the young writer. There seems to be in it too much of the element of luck. Not luck from a philosophic point of view, because any far reaching result is always to be found in the condition of the material worked upon as well as in the cause, but there are few people who have sufficient insight to read those conditions when the material happens to be humanity. Dr. Edward Eggleston in 1871 chanced to read Taine's lecture upon "Art in the Netherlands." It argues that the artist of originality will work with the materials which he finds lying all about him and with which he is familiar. Captivated by this idea, Dr. Eggleston wrote a short story in the dialect with which he was familiar in his childhood. At that time he was editor of *Heart and Home*, and he afterward elaborated the short story into a serial. This was "The Hoosier Schoolmaster." He wrote the story from week to week, gaining new impetus from the sales of the paper, which jumped from a circulation of 7,000 to 35,000. It was the very first dialect story ever written in this country, and nobody knew what to make of it. But people went on reading it. And they still keep up the practice. The book has been translated into almost all the modern tongues, and nearly a million copies of the American edition have been sold. Dr. Eggleston says that he dislikes it because people will continue to read it rather than his later and better books. His last story, "The Faith Doctor," is so startlingly different in every way from his early success that reading one and then the other seems to show the remarkable change that can come to a human being in one short lifetime. The man who wrote "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" was no more the man who wrote "The Faith Doctor" than the seed is the plant. Dr. Eggleston is a charming conversationalist. Unlike some other great authors, he does not count the money value of his good things and save them for print.

\* \* \*

BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD will always be remembered as the author of "One Summer," and it was upon this that her fame was built, just as Eggleston's reputation was laid in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster." She, too, took an environment with which she was entirely familiar. She did not attempt to hide the scene of her story, only

making the thinnest of disguises by a change of names. Edgecomb was very soon recognized as Wiscasset, on the Sheepscot River. The townspeople were seriously offended by the liberty she had taken with them, and hardly knowing whether she had made them ridiculous or not, they were extremely sensitive about it; and with the long memories that hang on in villages where there are no distractions, even though a quarter of a century has gone by since the book was published, the feeling still lingers. The people who read "One Summer" in these days make up an entirely different audience from the great one who carried it about in the seventies. It is the very young girl who reads "One Summer" nowadays. Its sentimentality, its type of girl belongs to the years that are gone. Its humor is too young, its wooing is too long drawn out. But those who read the book in those days when it fitted into their habit of thought, will not soon forget it, and would enjoy a stroll among the scenes which it made known to so many people. Compared to some of her later books the story is as light as air.

"Guenn," was one of the most charming novels ever written by an American. A book full of wonderful pictures, and with a study of character which was far sighted, and most dramatic and picturesque. Miss Howard went to Germany upon the proceeds of "One Summer," and never came home again. For a long time she chaperoned young girls, then she married Herr Von Teufel, a high class German, and lived a most ideal life in the best society of the European capitals. Her husband has lately died, but she will hardly come home again. Twenty five years in a foreign land has changed for her the meaning of "home."

ANDREW LANG has lately written an article upon plagiarism which, supplemented as every subject he takes up must be, by an exhaustive acquaintance with living examples, is most interesting. Mr. Lang is ingenious, and original always. He says: "Was it likely, for example, that Mr. Haggard in 'Nada, the Lily,' should independently invent the scene where the heroine, after a fight, is found walled up in a cave, while the wounded hero outside cannot rescue her? This very incident occurs in Scott's 'Betrothed.' Clearly M. Bedier might say Mr. Haggard doubtless unconsciously borrowed from Sir Walter. But in the room where I write this note Mr. Haggard found his incident in the late Mr.

Leslie's privately printed book on the Zulus, where the tale is told as a matter of recent fact—I think in Panda's *re'n*. The recollection of Scott's 'Betrothed' occurred to neither of us. Thus—unless Mr. Leslie borrowed from Scott, which there seems no reason to believe—Sir Walter plagiarized from a real occurrence which had not yet taken place. With such examples I cannot but say that it is difficult to limit hazard and coincidence."

A writer does not plagiarize when he takes a genuine incident, any more than an artist goes out of his province when he uses a model which another artist has made famous. Charles Reade has been accused of plagiarism over and over again, but it is only the browser in many fields who could point out his originals. He took the bold story and made it into literature. And we who profit by the result should be the last to revile him for giving us a gold coin for a brass farthing. Shakspere invented none of his tales. He took them all, ready made, and used them as threads upon which to string the marvels of his genius.

\* \* \*

THE MACMILLANS are about to bring out as an *edition de luxe*, the old illustrated edition of Tennyson's poems, published by Moxon in 1857. It was a very wonderful collection at that time of pictures by Millais, Holman Hunt, Rossetti, Macclise, and several others. The original wood blocks are said to be in excellent condition. One hundred large paper copies will be printed on handsome paper, the cuts mounted on Japanese paper. It has a sumptuous sound, but if those who own that old edition will take it down from the shelves they will be disappointed in the pictures. Wood engraving was in its infancy in those days, and the illustrations were pretty well chopped. If the original drawings could be found and reproduced as they know so well how to interpret in these times, the edition would be worth anything the publishers chose to ask for it.

\* \* \*

ONE of Mark Twain's old friends in Virginia City has told the story of his first success as a writer, and it shows over again how a seeming trifle may change the history of not only one life but many. George Meredith has said somewhere that the lifting of an eyebrow may change the destiny of the world. In this case a shower changed the history of American humor. Mark had grown tired of doing hack work on the San Francisco newspapers and had gone up to the mountains with some min-

ing friends to hunt for a "pocket." It was a cold, drizzling day when they came upon 'indications.' The first sample of dirt carried to the stream and washed out yielded only a few cents. Although the right vein had been discovered, they had as yet found only the 'tail end' of the pocket.

"Returning to the vein, they dug a sample of the decomposed ore from a new place and were about to carry it down to the ravine and test it, when the rain increased to a lively downpour. With chattering teeth, Mark declared he would remain no longer. He said there was no sense in freezing to death, as in a day or two, when it was bright and warm, they could return and pursue their investigations in comfort.

"Yielding to Mark's entreaties, backed as they were by his blue nose, humped back and generally miserable and dejected appearance, Jim Gillis emptied the sacks of dirt, just dug, upon the ground—first having hastily written and posted a notice claiming a certain number of feet of the vein, which notice would hold good for thirty days. This done they left the claim.

"Angel's Camp being at no great distance from the spot, whereas their cabin was some miles away, Mark and Jim struck out for that place.

"The only hotel in Angel's Camp was kept by Coon Drayton, an old Mississippi river pilot, and at his house the half drowned pocket miners found shelter. Mark Twain having in his youthful days been a 'cub' pilot on the Mississippi, he and Coon were soon great friends and swapped yarns by the dozen. It continued to rain for three days, and until the weather cleared up, Mark and Jim remained at Coon's hotel.

"Among the stories told Mark by Coon during the three days' session was that of the 'Jumping Frog,' and it struck him as being so comical that he concluded to write it up. When he returned to the Gillis cabin Mark set to work on the frog story. He also wrote some sketches of life in the mountains and the mines for some of the San Francisco papers.

"A literary turn having thus been given to the thoughts of the inmates of the Gillis shack, a month passed without a return to the business of pocket mining. While the days were spent by Mark and his friends in discussing the merits of the 'Jumping Frog' and other literary matters, other prospectors were not idle. A trio of Austrian miners who were out in search of gold bearing quartz, happened upon the spot where Mark and Jim had dug into

their ledge. It was but a few days after Twain and Gillis had retreated in the pouring rain. The Austrians were astonished at seeing the ground glittering with gold. Where the dirt emptied from the sacks had been dissolved away by the rain, lay over three ounces of bright quartz gold. The foreigners were not long in gathering this harvest, but soon discovering the notice posted on the claim, they dared not venture to delve in the deposit whence it came. They could only wait and watch and pray. Their hope was that the parties who had posted up the notice would not return while it held good.

"The sun that rose on the day after the Twain-Gillis notice expired saw the Austrians in possession of the ground, with a sign of their own conspicuously and defiantly posted. The new owners soon cleaned out the pocket, obtaining from it in a few days a little over \$7,500.

"Had Mark Twain's backbone held out a few minutes longer, the sacks of dirt would have been panned out and the richness of the pocket discovered. He would not then have gone to Angel's Camp, and would probably never have heard or written the story of the 'Jumping Frog,' the story that gave him his first 'boost' in the literary world, as the 'Heathen Chinee' gave Bret Harte his first lift up the ladder of fame. Had Mark found the gold that was captured by the Austrians, he would have settled down as a pocket miner, and probably to this day would have been pounding quartz in a little cabin in the Sierras somewhere along about the snow line."

\* \* \*

THERE is a new book on the news stands which is one of the most readable stories out this season. It is "One of the Profession," by Matthew White, Jr., and is published by the Home Book Company, New York. A plain story, full of quiet insight into character, and the very simplest, and therefore the cleverest drawing of the scenes presented. It is a story without any effort at forcing effects of any sort, and by this very means succeeds in being most effective and dramatic. There is no playing with worn out plot; it is all as simple and dainty and tender as the heroine. It is a book with the best elements of a lasting popularity; a book whose indescribable charm holds from the very first chapter. Mr. White, the author, is a young man who is well known as a dramatic critic. He has had a long and wide acquaintance with the stage and stage people, and knows his subject thoroughly.

## ETCHINGS.

### THE FEMININE ATHLETE.

SHE's very glad that summer's here,  
She is so fond of rowing;  
And tennis is a stunning game,  
And just the sport for showing  
One's agile ease and gracefulness.  
She's also great on walking,  
And gravely states: "The modern girl  
Does things instead of talking."  
She'll give you points about baseball,  
"Catch" for your swiftest pitching;  
She'll drive your very fastest span,  
And knows all knots for hitching.  
You've hunted for her all your life,  
And feel this charming creature—  
"Strong, graceful, loving, sensible"—  
Has every single feature  
That goes to make that perfect thing—  
A woman one could die for,  
Or live with all his happy life,  
With nothing left to sigh for.  
But ask her one small room to sweep.  
"Such work's so very heating—  
Bad for my blood. I really can't;  
It sets my heart to beating."

### AT THE GATE.

*A Realistic Report of a Rural Conversation.*  
"Perty night, ain't it, Tilly?"  
"Yes, perty enough; good night, Hank."  
"What's yer rush? We ain't been standing here but a few minutes."  
"O-o-o-h, Hank Sparks, what a big story teller you are. We've been here over an hour."  
"Well, what if we have?"  
"Well, that's long enough, that's what. We'd ought to be 'shamed of ourselves, anyhow."  
"What for?"  
"For being so silly."  
"I reckon we ain't the only silly folks in the world, then."  
"That don't make no difference. Good night."  
"No, wait a minute, Tilly."  
"What for? You s'pose I'm going to stand here all night?"  
"Nobody wants you to stay here all night; but I don't see why you should snatch yourself away like this."  
"Pa'll be calling me first thing I know."  
"Let him call; it won't hurt him."

"It might hurt you if he took a notion to come out or to set old Boze loose."

"Psha! Who's afraid?"  
"You'd better be. Good night."  
"Wait a minute."  
"What for, you big gump, you?"  
"Oh, because."  
"I shall not stay out here another minute."

"Yes, you will."  
"I shan't. Let go my hands."  
"I don't have to."  
"You mean thing, you! I—if you dare kiss me again, Hank Sparks!"

"Oh, I daren't, eh? There!"  
"Hank Sparks!"  
"There's another."  
"I've a notion to call for pa. I will if you kiss me again, sir!"  
"Oh, you will? There! Now call him."

"You're the worst case I ever saw. *Shame on you!*"  
"Psha! I pity a feller who ain't grit enough to kiss his girl when he can."  
"I'd be ashamed if I was you, sir. Good night."

"Good night, Tilly."  
"Good night."

BOOH.

[WRITTEN by Eugene Field and read on Children's Day at the Literary Congress in Chicago.]

On afternoons, when baby boy has had a splendid nap,  
And sits, like any monarch on his throne, in nurse's lap  
In this peculiar wise I hold my 'kerchief to my face,  
And cautiously and quietly I move about the place;  
Then, with a cry, I suddenly expose my face to view,  
And you should hear him laugh and crow when I say "Booh!"

Sometimes that rascal tries to make believe that he is scared.  
And, really, when I first began, he stared, and stared, and stared;  
And then his under lip came out and further out it came,  
Till mama and the nurse agreed it was a "cruel shame"—  
But now what does that same wee toddling, lisping baby do

But laughs and kicks his little heels when I say "Booh!"

He laughs and kicks his little heels in rapturous glee, and then, In shrill, despotic treble bids me "do it all aden!" And I—of course I do it; for, as his progenitor, It is such pretty, pleasant play as this that I am for! And it is, oh, such fun; and I am sure that I shall rue The time when we are both too old to play the game of "Booh!"

## REFLECTIONS.

SWEETEST of all sweet reflections  
Are the ones that come and pass  
As the queen of my affections  
Flits before the looking glass.  
Mirrored perfectly upon it  
Now I see her image there,  
All complete, from skirts to bonnet,  
Framed like painter's canvas rare.  
But no painter e'er had cunning  
With his deftest art to trace  
Anything so simply stunning  
As my lady's mirrored face.  
Ah, she steps away—the vision  
From the magic glass has flown,  
And it shows, as in derision,  
Features beatiless—my own.

## ALL A MATTER OF TASTE.

[Dialogue between a Tourist and a Native.]

TOURIST—"Do you live at Paradise Springs?"

NATIVE—"Yas, I live nigh thar."

"I've been thinking of going out there, and I suppose you can tell me something about it?"

"Reckon so."

"I understand they have plenty of scenery there."

"Yes, thar's er right smart chance uv it fust an' last."

"Is it grand?"

"Wal, I dunno how you mout look at it. Some thinks hit air an' some thinks hit ain't. Thar's er power o' ole rocky hills full er snake dens, an' some woods full er pizen vines an' lizards. You mout like 'em, but I hain't no gret love fer sich things. Reckon mebby I hain't edercated up ter it."

"I am told there are beautiful drives. How is that?"

"Wal, I jedge it's all ownin' ter er feller's taste. "Tain't no fun fer me ter try ter drive er horse an' buggy 'long er cow trail er er hog path. Still you mout like it. Tastes differ in sech matters."

"Yes, I presume so. How is hunting?"  
"First rate place ter hunt."

"Plenty of game?"

"Lots er snakes an' skeeters. Hain't nothin' else."

"Is it a good place for fishing?"

"Wal, er feller kin fish all he wants ter down in old Bob Moseley's cow pond."

"Does he catch anything?"

"Ager and fever."

"Then Paradise Springs is not a very pleasant place?"

"Dunno. It's all 'cordin' to er feller's taste."

## ON THE STATEN ISLAND BOAT.

*From St. George to New York.*

On the Staten Island boat,  
We were scarcely well afloat,  
When a maid divinely pretty met my vision  
near at hand;  
And I could not help but look  
From the water and my book,  
At a figure so exquisite, and a face so sweet  
and bland.

On the deck she sat alone,  
And a queen upon the throne  
Could not charm me with more wonder or  
display a fairer grace;  
Just to look upon her eyes  
Drew them, sparkling with replies,  
Till I quite forgot my reading in the rapture  
of her face.

When we reached the city pier,  
Still her figure hovered near,  
And we walked away quite closely to the  
same aerial car;  
Not a word I dared to utter,  
But my heart began to flutter,  
And I wondered if our journey would be mu-  
tual very far.

When the brakeman called my street,  
She arose upon her feet,  
And descended to the sidewalk, following  
fast upon my way;  
Past each block I turned, she went,  
Seeming blissfully content,  
And I prayed we might be partners just for-  
ever and a day.

But at length our paths divided,  
And she looked and sighed, as I did,  
Fading with her marvelous beauty in the  
crowd which swept along;  
And I sorrowed, doubting whether  
We should be once more together,  
And I thought if we had spoken, would it  
have been very wrong?

Long thereafter I took note  
Of each Staten Island boat,  
Till good fortune (as I thought it) brought  
the scene described before;  
But the archly roguish bi  
Had a husband by her side  
And now the Staten Island voyage doesn't  
thrill me any more!

## IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY.

### An Important Announcement.

Of the impressions that have come to us this month, the one that overshadows all others, so far as concerns this magazine and its readers, is the fact that beginning with the opening number of Volume X (the October issue) the price of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

#### WILL BE REDUCED

from twenty five to ten cents per copy and from three dollars to one dollar for annual subscriptions.

These are the times when it is well to get down to bed rock—to get away down to the very substratum of things. At ten cents per copy and one dollar a year for subscriptions in advance, MUNSEY'S will have reached that point—a point below which no good magazine will ever go, but to which all magazines of large circulation in America must eventually come.

The present low price of paper and the perfection of printing machinery

#### MAKE IT POSSIBLE

to produce and sell at a profit a magazine at these figures—as good a magazine as has ever been issued, providing it is not too heavily freighted with advertisements. While paper begins to be an important item of expense when seventy five to one hundred and fifty pages of advertisements are carried. These do not necessarily enhance the value of the magazine with the reader.

We have been looking towards this reduction for more than a year and have been making preparations for it. The step has not been taken hastily. We sought to know our ground; we think we know it. A departure so radical as this, however, involves many digressions from the accustomed methods of circulating magazines. One of these is the bringing of the

#### READER AND THE PUBLISHER

closer together. These prices will not permit of several profits going to middlemen. A publication going through the usual channels today passes through, with few exceptions, three different hands after leaving the publishers and

before it reaches the readers. The abolition of

#### SUPERFLUOUS PROFITS

is what makes it possible to sell a magazine of the best grade for ten cents or a trifle over eight cents when taken by the year. In the change of system that this

#### ROCK BOTTOM PRICE

makes necessary, there may be dealers who will complain that they cannot get MUNSEY'S. Such a statement would be misleading and without foundation. MUNSEY'S can always be had from the publishers on receipt of price either by dealers or readers.

This sweeping departure will result in no falling off in

#### QUALITY OR QUANTITY.

On the contrary the matter will be of a higher grade and there will be more of it.

MUNSEY'S has established a reputation for two things, namely—the superior excellence of its illustrations and the readability of its contents. Beyond this our ambition has not gone; beyond this there is little that appeals to the great body of intelligent readers.

#### A HUNDRED MILLIONS A YEAR.

AMERICANS today think no more of going to Europe than our grandfathers did of taking a trip from New York to Philadelphia. Clerks, school teachers, all who can possibly raise the means, hasten to gaze upon the sights across the big pond. It is estimated that American tourists spend in Europe over a hundred million dollars annually. These travelers care not, as a rule, that they may never have sailed up the Hudson, whose natural scenery has no equal anywhere; nor that they cannot tell of the grandeur of Niagara from personal knowledge, nor dilate on the glories of the Yosemite or the Yellowstone, nor on the entrancing beauties of the Thousand Islands, to say nothing of the thousand and one lakes of every type of loveliness that dot our continent. They rush off to do England, Paris, the Rhine, Switzerland, and comes back content—feeling that they have been rarely privileged persons.

But it is not our purpose so much to

quarrel with this fact, as it is to point out another phase of the situation—a disproportionate state of things that has never been so glaringly apparent as in this Columbian year of grace and our World's Fair at Chicago.

In 1889 the outpouring of the citizens of the United States to stand on the Champ de Mars and gaze up, awe stricken at Eiffel's towering heights, taxed to the utmost the carrying capacity of the various steamship lines. Now, it is America's turn to play hostess, and a right royal feast she has spread. Nothing in the whole modern world can equal the spectacle presented during the present summer in Jackson Park. This is conceded by everybody who has seen it, no matter with what preconceived prejudices he may have gone within the gates. All other spectacles sink into insignificance beside it.

And now, what is the percentage of foreigners who have come to visit this unprecedented exhibition? So small as not to be worth computing. Only in the Midway Plaisance is their presence markedly noticeable, and they are here, forsooth, not to leave money, but to take it away with them. They are ready enough—all of them, even to the wildest barbarians of the lot—to come for that purpose, but the pitiful showing of this test occasion proves conclusively that the dwellers across the seas are not believers in reciprocity when it comes to putting their hands in their pockets empty and withdrawing them full.

However flattering it may be to our vanity to realize that our foreign cousins look upon America as the land of gold, we are certainly old enough now as a nation to expect a reasonable amount of appreciation when we offer an object so worthy of it in every way as the Columbian Exposition.

#### THE COST OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.

It happens so often that the young woman who seeks a college education does not belong to people who can afford to give it to her, that provision is made for that contingency. The man who cheerfully makes ready to spend five thousand dollars upon his son's four years at college, rarely thinks that it is necessary to put aside an equal amount for his daughter. If he can well afford to do so, it is seldom that the daughter, who has been brought up in the environment which that amount of money implies, has the perseverance and the self denial, the love of gaining knowledge for use in tomorrows, over the love of living

today, to carry her through a four years' college course. It is the ambitious girl whose gateway to the wide world must be opened by means of her own achievements, who is most anxious for a thorough education; readiest to give up anything for that knowledge which is power.

But there is in most cases considerable difference between the cost of the education of a boy and a girl. A young man generally spends at Harvard \$1200 a year. At Vassar the charge to resident students is \$400 a year. This includes tuition in all the college branches and board for the whole year. Text books and stationery are supplied at wholesale prices, medical attendance costs \$1.50 a day; music and painting \$100 a year extra. At Wellesley and Smith a year's college course costs \$500 a year.

One of the chief items of expense is theaters, concerts and lectures. When the colleges are near the large cities where these may be enjoyed at their best, the girls are always encouraged to go. These diversions during a school term mount into quite a sum.

After this the principal item is dress. Vassar gives two large balls every year, and there are a round of festivities attending upon commencement, all of which require the students to be well dressed. The old idea that a woman who is going in for "higher education," should pay little attention to her personal appearance, has small encouragement from the directors of female colleges. Expensive gowns are not called for, but neat and tasteful dressing is justly expected. There is not in the girls' colleges that are distinctly colleges, apart from the fashionable school which sometimes masquerades as a college, any expectation of there being as much money spent as there would be in a male college of the same character. It was not until the University of Chicago opened that there was no difference made between men and women. Here they are regarded all alike as students, and there is no difference in expenses as there is no distinction anywhere. But it is interesting to note that instead of climbing to the Yale and Harvard expenditure, the rate of living is upon the scale of the female colleges.

#### ERRATUM.

In the poem "Three Friends," on page 525 of the August number the line

"Into chequered hues of living green"  
should be inserted after the fourth line, the last word of which should read "leap" in place of "leaf."

